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THE DUCHAMP FAMILY

By Robert Rosenblum

COLOR FEATURES:

The Pulitzer Collection

São Paulo Masterpieces

ARTS

PROFILES OF INDIA WORKERS

By Martica Savin

APR 5 1957

NEW ARCHITECTURE

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APRIL 1957

Vol. 31, No. 7 /75 cents

CONTRIBUTORS

Robert Rosenblum, who writes on the three Duchamp brothers in this number (on the occasion of the exhibition lately at the Guggenheim Museum and currently in Houston), is a member of the Princeton University faculty. A regular contributor to ARTS, *Partisan Review* and other magazines, he recently gave a paper before the annual convention of the College Art Association.

Martica Sawin, another regular contributor, continues her series of profiles this month, taking *Adja Yunkers* for her subject. Her piece on *Earl Kerkam* appeared last month, and she has also written on *Ibram Lassaw*, *Paul Klee* and others in recent issues.

Ada Louise Huxtable has written widely in the field of architecture and design, and the subject of her article in this number of ARTS—new architecture sponsored by business and government—is one on which she has done much research. (See her essay on "Architectural Frontiers" in ARTS, September, 1956.) She is a regular contributor to *Progressive Architecture* and other magazines.

On the occasion of two exhibitions currently traveling in the United States, **Alfred Werner** contributes a survey of German art books in this issue. He has appeared frequently in our pages, and also writes regularly for *The Progressive*, *The New York Post*, *South Atlantic Quarterly*, *Commentary* and other journals here and abroad.

David Sylvester, who writes on Palmer, Stubbs and other English painters in his London report this month, has been filling in for *Patrick Heron* during the latter's winter absence. Mr. Heron will return to our pages next month.

Barbara Butler's Paris column this month discusses some recent exhibitions by Americans in the French capital. She is preparing a more extensive article on "Americans in Paris" for a future number.

FORTHCOMING: **Elizabeth Pollet** writes on **Hans Hofmann** on the occasion of the retrospective exhibition at the Whitney Museum . . . **Hilton Kramer** writes on the new **Museum of Primitive Art** in New York . . . a profile of the British painter **Roger Hilton** by **Patrick Heron** . . . statements on the relations between sculpture and architecture by **David Smith** and **Sidney Geist** . . . Spring Book Section, with reviews by **Suzanne Breyer**, **Ulrich Weisstein**, **James R. Mellow**, **Sidney Geist** and others.



ON THE COVER

Emil Nolde, detail from a watercolor, *Poppies*; collection of Louise and Joseph Pulitzer, Jr., St. Louis. The work is included in the current exhibition of this collection at M. Knoedler and Company in New York, for the benefit of the Fogg Art Museum at Harvard University. See color feature beginning on page 34.

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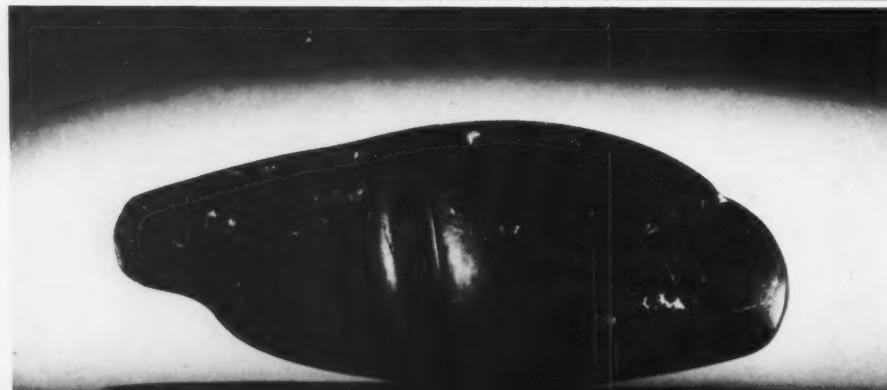
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LETTERS

MUSEUMS

To the Editor:

... Edgar Schenck's guest editorial [March] says a lot of things that have needed saying.

I am one who believes that for many art museums, which by the nature of things cannot possess collections made up largely of masterpieces, it is natural and proper to develop a vigorous program of activities of many kinds.

Thus a museum can play the dual role of a repository for the very finest collections it can amass and as well that of an art center where its own collections can be vivified and their impact strengthened through loan exhibitions and other activities centered on the arts. I particularly like Mr. Schenck's emphasizing the validity of developing a public composed to an appreciable extent of those who make repeated visits. This kind of public certainly is a greater tribute to the museum than one composed largely of those who come for a single visit drawn there by an overdeveloped program of "marginalia."

It takes a thoughtful director to devise a program which continually points up its collections, constantly reaches out more widely into its own community and yet doesn't break down into a mere circus with little or no relation to the museum's primary purpose: the sharing as broadly as possible of an esthetic experience.

Meanwhile, we are all indebted to Mr. Schenck and Mrs. Saarinen for pointing up some of the problems of museums so thoughtfully.

Charles Nagel
Director
City Art Museum
St. Louis, Missouri

To the Editor:

I agree with Mr. Schenck's guest editorial [March] wholeheartedly, and in fact, I said in my Annual Report for last year, "We feel that reaching a qualitative audience rather than a quantitative one is most important." It is the public whom we reach through lectures, gallery talks, classes and with whom we have a direct personal relationship that is most valuable to museums. I also said in a previous report that many museums count attendance like a county fair or a prize fight. As Mr. Schenck points out, art is an individual experience and not a group activity, and it is only through the individual that we can achieve in the long run what I believe is the primary purpose of a museum, namely, to enrich the lives of the citizens of its community. There is no question that the appeal to the masses which museums make is due to the need for broad financial support which is a constant concern of all museums and particularly those like ours which receive no tax money. It is for this reason that museums value the membership participation because it means that we are telling the museum story to at least a small public, and that in the long run produces dividends.

C. C. Cunningham
Director
Wadsworth Atheneum
Hartford, Connecticut

To the Editor:

I think Edgar Schenck's editorial [March] lays exactly the right emphasis on an important point. I like his regard for the object and the individ-

ual who enjoys it as a work of art and feel that he has put his finger on several weaknesses in our popularly expanding art-museum programs.

Daniel Catton Rich
Director
The Art Institute of Chicago

To the Editor:
I have just read the fine editorial contributed to your March issue by Mr. Edgar C. Schenck. Both the attitude and the conclusions of the writer are commendable and you are to be congratulated on your discernment in inviting Mr. Schenck as a guest contributor.

Norman Kent
Editor
American Artist
New York City

MONTH IN REVIEW

To the Editor:
Your article in the current issue [February] reviewing the Balthus exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art strikes me as objectionable. From your office as critics you are in a position to lead or mislead countless interested young students and artists. You are entitled to explain your judgment of the paintings of Balthus, but I wonder why you divert your criticism toward an irrelevant attack on another critic and art historian, James Thrall Soby, as well as the out-of-context names of half a dozen esteemed elder painters. Slipping in such remarks seems to be perpetrating a personal polemic. . . .

Julien Levy
Bridgewater, Connecticut

To the Editor:
In Hilton Kramer's review [February] of the Balthus exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art he made the following remark about James Thrall Soby, director of the exhibition: "And then there is Mr. Soby's personal taste for the marginal, the bizarre and the artistically decadent—a taste which has demonstrated its affinity for Tchelitchev, Bérard, De Chirico and Tanguy, and Larry Rivers; in short, for the chic backwaters of modern painting."

I question the fairness of this charge. It is perfectly true that Mr. Soby has shown interest in the five artists listed, but it is equally true that he has shown interest in many other artists. Here are the facts: besides directing the Museum's shows of Tchelitchev, De Chirico and Tanguy, he has done exhibitions of Rouault, Dali, Ben Shahn, Modigliani and Romantic Painting in America. He was also codirector of the Museum's extended review of twentieth-century Italian art and principal contributor to the accompanying book. For the British Penguin books he wrote a monograph on Ben Shahn.

In his book of essays, *Contemporary Painters*, published in 1948, he devoted chapters to the following artists: Demuth, Marin, Burchfield, Weber, Hopper, Shahn, Graves, Peter Blume, MacIver, Matta, Beckmann, Rouault, Soutine, Klee, Miró, Calder, Wyndham Lewis, Stanley Spencer, Ben Nicholson and Graham Sutherland. The range of Mr. Soby's tastes and enthusiasms is further documented by his critical essays pub-

continued on page 7

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LETTERS

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lished over the past eleven years in the *Saturday Review*, many of them to be republished shortly in book form.

While Mr. Soby was Director of the Department of Painting and Sculpture in 1943-44, the Museum of Modern Art acquired important paintings by Weber, Feininger and, of particular interest in connection with Mr. Kramer's review, Jackson Pollock's *She Wolf*, the first painting by that artist to enter an American museum.

I should also like to question the epithets "artistically decadent" and "chic backwaters" with which Mr. Kramer disparages such artists as De Chirico and Tanguy. It seems to me that decadence in art is most clearly revealed by an inability to create new forms or new relationships and, as a corollary, that one of the capital failures in criticism is the inability to recognize these new forms and relationships. When, as a young man, James Soby went to Paris in the late twenties, he was quick to recognize that the principal new movement was surrealism, which included among its foremost painters Miró, Masson, Ernst, Tanguy and, informally, Picasso in his post-1925 phase. Giorgio de Chirico, in his work between 1911 and 1918, was perhaps their most exemplary forerunner. The surrealists were, in their time, the principal explorers of new horizons in contemporary painting. Considerably younger and less important were the neo-romantic group comprising Bérard, Tchelitchew and the brothers Eugene and Leonid Berman.

In 1934 Mr. Soby wrote his first book, *After Picasso*, which was devoted to the work of these artists. Doubtless, the author would no longer hold to some of his youthful judgments, yet *After Picasso* was important as the first long study of surrealist painting to be published in English. The surrealists did not seem in any way a "chic backwater" at that time; nor retrospectively do they seem so now, although both De Chirico and Dali *after* their surrealist periods might well with some justice be so dismissed. Their post-surrealist work has not interested Mr. Soby.

Balthus, it is true, is an isolated painter. He has worked courageously and stubbornly against the current, not, I would say, in a "back eddy." By having championed Balthus for over twenty years, James Soby has both honored and shared in that artist's nonconformity.

Alfred H. Barr, Jr.
Director of the Museum Collections
Museum of Modern Art
New York City

To the Editor:

Why is Hilton Kramer so bitter over the choice of Balthus by James Thrall Soby for a Museum of Modern Art exhibition? Here is a living painter of great competence with something to say. Mr. Kramer objects to his subject matter, which he refers to as "psychologically portentous" and "obliquely obscene." Would he condemn the work of Edvard Munch, who so brilliantly used the emotions that border on madness, or refuse Ensor his high place in modern art because he painted his obsessions symbolized by masks and skeletons? And what about the subject matter of Bosch, Goya and Toulouse-Lautrec?

Mr. Kramer has not looked at these paintings calmly, but he has noted one particular that gives a clue to their message. He observes that

the outdoor pictures seem flooded with an interior light. Yes, as can be easily seen, the street scenes are simply large rooms. They echo the womb-hushed rooms of the more numerous interiors. And these enclose children imprisoned in adolescence, waiting for their hour to escape into life. While they wait, they dream. Some are completely unself-conscious, as in *The Game of Patience* (revealing title) and *The Dream*. Others have become aware of themselves and glimpse the delicious future, as does the girl in *The Golden Days*. Balthus knows what they do not, that the dream is often sweeter than the reality.

As for the nasty-looking creature in *The Room* (1954), she is akin to the cats, those necessary symbols of temptation in these timeless Edens. She is evil, hoping to destroy innocence; but the little nude, though apparently helpless, is safe; she lies unconscious, wrapped in her dream, awaiting the proper season for her metamorphosis.

Joan Drew
Rye, New York

To the Editor:

Have just read Mr. Kramer's Month in Review on Pollock and Balthus and wish to congratulate him. These days very few critics seem to look at paintings and then honestly write about what they've seen. Generally, their opinion is already formed before they look at the work.

Reginald M. Rowe
Croton-on-Hudson
New York

HERON

To the Editor:

I want to say how very much I enjoyed reading (and rereading) Patrick Heron's article on Braque, as I had enjoyed his previous one on Cézanne.

I shall look forward to his future pieces in ARTS. I hope that I am not alone.

Harry Salpeter
New York City

NARROW CRITICISM?

To the Editor:

A dark shape emerges from this month's [February's] reviews which takes the form of a bitterly narrow viewpoint. But first credit should be awarded to the culprit, Vernon Young. He is an expert word manipulator, more than clever, closer to brilliant, and an interesting cinema critic. But what a waste of soaring prose to bestow such magnificent and lusty praise on the pleasant backwater nonsense of Jane Wilson, while by-passing the living energies and polished craftsmanship of MacNeil and Solomon.

Not to discredit Miss Wilson's . . . effort, it is really quite nice; antique, nostalgic, pretty. But to say that she has avoided short cuts—good grief! What more blatant short cut than the rut of timeworn form. The narrowest experience of art would recognize all the Gallic light and fancy here.

Certainly the drip, swish and spatter school is a maze of cul-de-sacs, but it is always "engaged"; raising hot issues and beating with the pump of the living. What a bumper crop of

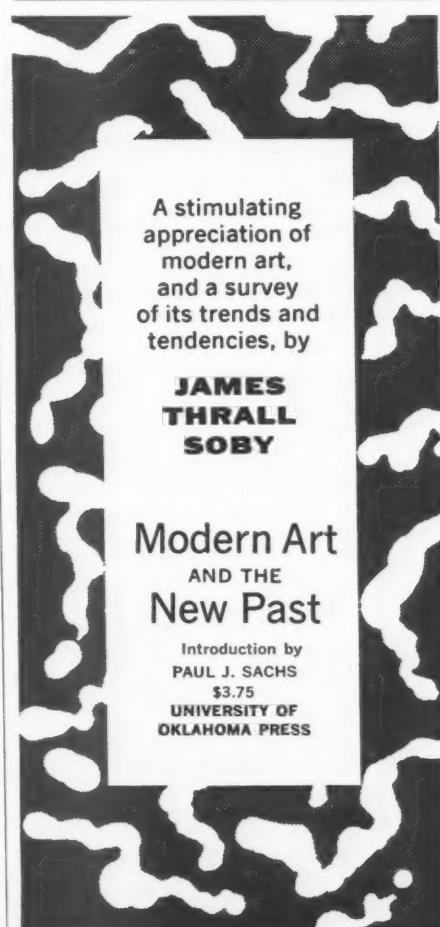
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ARTS

LETTERS

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Wilsons, Rivers' and Kahns we would have if all the drippers avoided Mr. Young's "short cut." If the critic is dismayed about the attack on the frame edge, as he suggests in the Shikler review, he is suffering from the familiar Flemish-Minaturistic whose origin is the virus Sentimentality. This is a personal problem not suitable for airing, for form will flow and go as the lay of our life invites, and always to a vaster body, not back to the muddied pool.

M. Thrax
New York City

KUDOS

To the Editor:

It has been with a great deal of pleasure and interest that I have watched the progress of your magazine . . .

As an old subscriber to *Art Digest* I took advantage of your offer to subscribe for three years in advance in 1955 and have been richly rewarded by the fine articles and beautiful new—not hackneyed—color reproductions of contemporary painters. Studio Talk by Bernard Chaet is also most helpful. You have truly become the "leading" magazine in the field of art.

Lucile Evans
Washington, D. C.

To the Editor:

I would like to add my commendation to the many you must receive for the editorial tone of your publication and the superior judgment, in my opinion, of your material selection.

Robert B. Sprague
Director
Sprague Art School
St. Petersburg, Florida

THEFT

To the Editor:

We would like to report the theft from the Weyhe Gallery of a signed pencil drawing by Jongkind. The drawing, 8" x 10", represents a canal with canal boats, the houses in background having touches of watercolor in roofs.

If the drawing is offered to anyone we would appreciate his getting in touch with us.

Martha Dickinson
Weyhe Gallery
New York City

INQUIRY

To the Editor:

My husband has in his possession a number of portraits by his father, the late John S. Eland. We would like to contact persons who believe their portrait might be among those we have. If we cannot find people who would like the works for sentiment's sake we shall be forced, for lack of storage facilities, to sell or give them away indiscriminately. We would be most grateful if your readers could give us any assistance in this matter.

Ursula Eland
Pembroke Drive
Stamford, Connecticut

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AUCTIONS

MASTERWORKS OF PAST AND PRESENT FEATURED IN FOUR IMPORTANT SALES

THE coming month brings to New York a series of auction sales in which an impressive number of works by both ancient and contemporary masters will be offered to the bidding public.

On April 4, 5 and 6 the Parke-Bernet Galleries will continue the liquidation of property from the estate of the late Harriett P. Schermerhorn. Listed for sale are Sir Thomas Lawrence's *Antonio Canova*, painted in Rome in 1818, and John Singer Sargent's double portrait of *Wilfred de Glehn and His Wife* Painting, which was exhibited at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition at San Francisco in 1915. Bronzes by Barye and Pierre Jules Mène will be offered in the same sale. Also at Parke-Bernet, portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds and a pair of paintings by James Ward will figure in the sale of property of Mrs. Henry MacDonald and other owners scheduled for April 12 and 13.

At the Plaza Art Galleries, which are established in new quarters at 406 East 79th Street, the O'Reilly firm will conduct one of its most interesting sales of the season on April 25. An assemblage of lithographs, etchings and posters, brought together by Alfred Jentzer of Geneva and other collectors, will present rare signed examples by Matisse, Picasso, Chagall, Miró, Braque, Buffet and Erni.

Concluding the notable art sales of the month is the Parke-Bernet auction of April 26 and 27, highlighted by Nattier's *Portrait of a Lady*, exhibited at the World's Fair and now sold by order of Gustave Pierre Bader. The Nattier painting forms part of a distinguished group which will bring before New York purchasers examples by Hubert Robert, J. B. Huet and Guardi, as well as *The Fortuneteller*, a Louis XV Beauvais tapestry after Boucher.

AUCTION CALENDAR

April 4, 5 and 6, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Part II in sale of property from the estate of the late Harriett P. Schermerhorn. English and American furniture, Georgian silver, Sheffield plate, table porcelains, silver and glass; Currier and Ives and other prints and maps; paintings, including portraits by Lawrence and Sargent; Oriental and other rugs. Exhibition now.

April 12 and 13, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century English furniture; old English porcelains; Georgian silver; paintings and drawings, including works by James Ward, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Tilly Kettle; Oriental and other rugs. Property of Mrs. Henry MacDonald, sold by her order, and property of other owners. Exhibition from April 6.

April 16 and 17, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Sporting books from the seventeenth to nineteenth centuries; angling, shooting, fox hunting, racing, etc. Collected by the late David Wagstaff, Tuxedo Park, New York. Exhibition from April 6.

April 17, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Arms and armor from various owners, including George S. Wisecarver, Pittsburgh, and Ronald Savin, New York, as well as property from the collection of William Randolph Hearst. Exhibition from April 12.

April 18 and 20, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. French furniture and decorations from various owners. Exhibition from April 13.

April 25, at 8:00 p.m. Plaza Art Galleries. Masks, sculptures and artifacts from West Africa and the Pacific Islands, from the collection of Herbert Brackley, London, and others. Original lithographs and etchings, from the collection of Alfred Jentzer, Geneva, and others. Exhibition from April 22.

April 26 and 27, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Fine French furniture; Napoleonic silver; a small group of paintings, including works by Nattier, Hubert Robert, Huet and Guardi; Savonnerie and other rugs; decorations. An important Louis XV Beauvais tapestry. Sold by order of Gustave Pierre Bader. Exhibition from April 20.

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PEOPLE IN THE ARTS



George W. Staempfli



David E. Finley



Kenneth Evert



Dr. Hans S. Voell

George W. Staempfli (above), formerly Curator of the Houston Museum in Texas, has been appointed Co-ordinator of the Fine Arts Program in the Office of the United States Commissioner General to the Brussels World's Fair. With the aid of an advisory committee, Mr. Staempfli will select works to be sent from America to the 1958 exposition in Belgium.

David E. Finley (above), Director of the National Gallery of Art from 1938 until his retirement in 1956, has been elected to the Board of Trustees of the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, D. C. Mr. Finley is also Chairman of the National Fine Arts Commission.

In Ithaca, New York, the artist Kenneth Evert (above) will be one of several lecturers at Cornell University's Eleventh Festival of Contemporary Arts. Louis Kahn, Philadelphia architect and city planner, will also lecture on an exhibition of his works in the university's Andrew Dickson White Museum of Art. The museum's festival will continue from April 10 to 20.

Prize winners have been announced in the American Color Print Society Eighth Annual Exhibition which took place last month in Philadelphia. The Sonya Watter Award, a purchase prize of \$100, went to Ernest Freed for his intaglio print *Peter and the Wolf*. Other award winners

NATIONWIDE NOTES

Fine arts graduates of the University of Illinois or other institutions of equal educational standing may now apply for the Kate Neal Kinley Memorial Fellowship for 1957-58. The award of \$1,300 for a year of advanced study in the fine arts, in this country or abroad, may be made in any branch of art or music or in architectural design or history. Applications

must be filed by May 15, 1957. They may be obtained from Dean Allen S. Weller, College of Fine and Applied Arts, University of Illinois, Urbana, Illinois.

The 1957 national convention of the American Federation of Arts is being held in Houston, Texas, from April 3 to 6. An outstanding feature of the Houston program is the Duchamp "Three Brothers" exhibition to be held at the Museum of Fine Arts. Other convention plans include a plane tour of museum and private collections in San Antonio, Dallas and Fort Worth.

The establishment of the Waldrum Phoenix Belknap, Jr., Research Library of American Painting at the Henry Francis du Pont Winterthur Museum in Winterthur, Delaware, has been announced. The library, endowed in memory of Mrs. Belknap by his mother, will contain manuscripts and notes, books, pamphlets, mezzotints and numerous photographs.

Byron Browne's *Still Life with Newspaper* (left), was awarded the Purchase Prize of the Fourth Annual National Exhibition of Contemporary American Art, sponsored by the Bayonne Jewish Community Center in Bayonne, New Jersey.





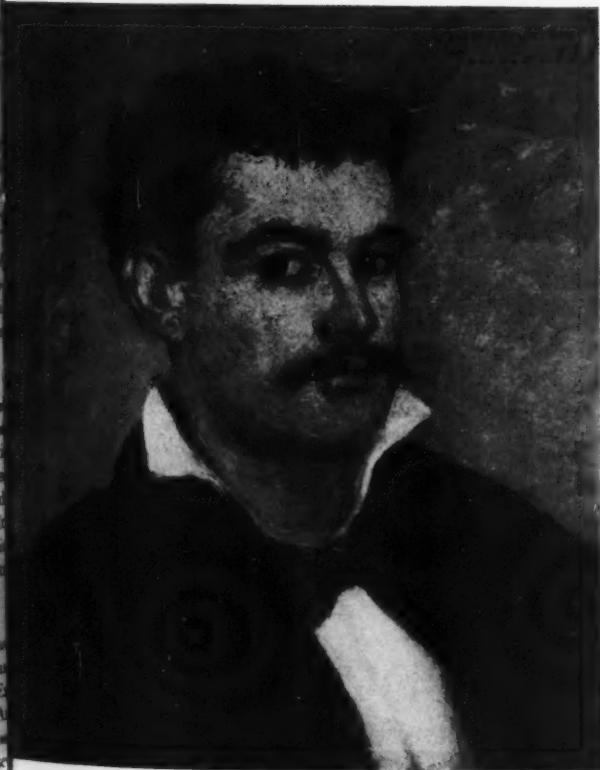
Dr. Hans Swarzenski

were **Emil Weddige, Gabor Peterdi, Richard Voellmer and A. P. Hankins.**

In Massachusetts, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts has announced the appointment of **Dr. Hans Swarzenski** as Acting Curator of Decorative Arts. Dr. Swarzenski has been a Fellow for Research in the museum's Department of Decorative Arts since 1953.

Lincoln Rothschild, Executive Director of Artists Equity Association for the past five years, has resigned in connection with reorganization of the national office in New York City. **Elias Newman** has assumed the post on a part-time basis.

NEW ACQUISITIONS



Claude Monet's *M. Coquerel, Fils* (left), painted in 1881, was recently presented to the Art Institute of Chicago by Mrs. Leigh B. Block, and almost simultaneously the Institute purchased *Iris by the Pond*, a large "Expressionistic" work of Monet's late years at Giverny. One of the world's largest assemblages of canvases by the French master, the Chicago collection will be featured in a comprehensive Monet exhibition at the Institute this spring.

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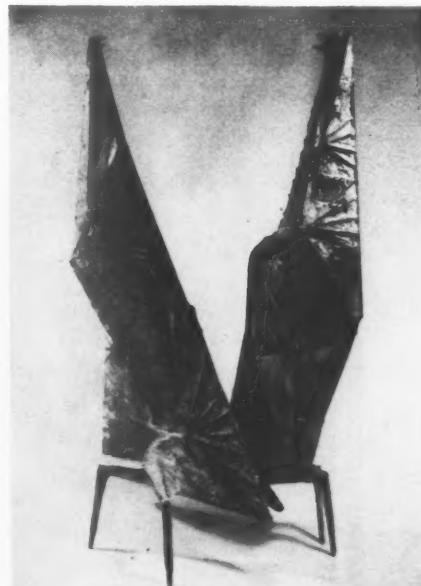
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SPECTRUM

Statistics and Dilettantes

THE economics of art is a valid subject for research, we cannot deny; yet we found ourselves disturbed and disappointed by the recently released study of the New York Area Research Council of City College. Ignoring the apparently facile statistical methods which unearthed much information known to the art world as well as some that can be debated, we will discuss only facts and conclusions.

First, the report laments the lack of opportunity for young artists. With more than a hundred galleries in the city, there is ample opportunity, we believe, for artists with real ability. In fact, too often it seems that young artists have shows before they are ready. In the race to discover new talent many galleries overlook qualified older artists.

The report indignantly attacks rental galleries and hidden charges. Although we deplore the fact that these galleries frequently fail to exercise any critical judgment and allow the ability to pay for space to determine who is shown, we accept the fact that many galleries could not survive without rental fees. It is not the institution, as the report argues, that is evil, but rather the method or lack of standards.

The study, which was directed by Dr. Bernard S. Myers of City College, fumes against what it calls "dilettantism." Apparently 82 out of 134 artists questioned said that they worked at painting or sculpting less than thirty hours a week. Whether or not the sample was valid we cannot argue here, but we wonder whether the statistics tell the full story. Does it include time spent looking at other artists' work? Does it include time spent sketching? And does it include time spent thinking and dreaming? These are not acts of "dilettantism." Dr. Myers and his colleagues apparently do not realize that artists work hard and under emotional pressure and that their work is part of their lives even when they are not physically creating. They cannot punch time clocks or work under factory conditions.

We do agree that artists cannot earn a living in New York unless they do other work as well (with a few exceptions), but then everyone has known that for some time. As one solution the Council urges the creation of a grandiose community art center. Just how this could solve any of the problems we fail to fathom. If anything, we think it might only encourage more of the real dilettantes by making exhibition space too readily available for those whose work is rejected by the better galleries.

Instead of being concerned by the statistics as purely economic facts, the report, we suggest, could have served a better use by being oriented to the creative problems arising under New York's economic conditions—or more specifically, to the problem of survival of the genuine artist in face of competition from dilettantes. Rather than saying that there is not sufficient exhibition space for young artists, we wonder if there are not too many mediocrities flooding out the few who possess real originality, sensitivity and technical skill.

It was never quite clear what the study's motivation was, unless it was merely a statistical exercise or a vague attempt to "do good." However, it was apparent that it lacked an understanding of artists and the creative act. We have a deep and

genuine concern for the well-being of creative artists. But while we recognize that such studies as the Council's stimulate discussion, we regret that needed funds are used so superficially.

Artists' Housing

AMERICA's fantastic recent urbanization (and suburbanization) has outstripped municipal services and controls. City planners have offered numerous corrective measures, some of them visionary, it must be admitted; but only too often the good as well as bad proposals have languished on dusty shelves—victims of pressure groups.

Such a victim was New York's progressive zoning proposal of a few years back. The result will be, we feel certain, a disintegration of the world's greatest city. Since the war many of the city's most beautiful buildings have been torn down to make way for concrete boxes soaring into the sky. Historical monuments like the Mark Twain House and the Produce Exchange have disappeared, open areas have all but vanished, and residential rents have soared. Similar conditions exist in most American cities.

Newspapers constantly point to such "newsworthy" phenomena as the increase in sex crimes, the spread of dope addiction, juvenile delinquency and racial tensions. Less dramatic but nonetheless important is the movement of intellectual leaders from the cities. In the case of artists, as Charles Abrams, head of New York's anti-discrimination commission, pointed out in a recent interview with Dore Ashton in the *Times*, they can't afford city living costs.

More than two years ago we called attention to the fact that new luxury apartments in Greenwich Village were displacing studios. Some artists have found new quarters in Brooklyn, Hoboken or the Lower East Side, but many have left the city area altogether. Unless public assistance is provided, we will soon face cities bereft of all but the most financially successful artists, or those whose incomes are derived from other sources.

Two possible solutions present themselves. In Europe several nations have recognized artists as valuable citizens deserving of public support. They have built special low-cost public housing with studios. Certainly, we believe, artists deserve consideration when public housing projects are planned, although we doubt whether politicians will find sufficient potential votes to take steps in this direction for some time.

The other possible solution appears to have more immediate feasibility. Through tax-exempt foundations and co-operatives low-cost housing can still be built. If funds cannot be raised for an ambitious project, a start can at least be made, as Mr. Abrams pointed out, through neighborhood rehabilitation.

In recent years our civilization has been emphasizing more and more the need to conform. The individualist and the creative talent, the egg head if you will, receives little encouragement. Yet our great cities attract visitors because of the groupings of artistic talents. We do not believe that artists should be displayed behind glass in little model communities, but we do believe that they should be encouraged to live in cities in hospitable neighborhoods. This task is one that city planning commissions should face.—J. M.



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LONDON

The "Englishness" of Stanley Spencer and Matthew Smith . . . a discrepancy between national and international reputations . . . the rediscovery of Stubbs and Palmer . . .

BY DAVID SYLVESTER

THERE are always surprises and frustrations when we learn what people from another country think of particular artists from our own. And it is difficult to decide which is the more frustrating—to find that one's enthusiasm for a compatriot is not shared by the foreigner, or to find that a compatriot one despises is admired. There is an American abstract painter, for instance, just returned to the States after a long stay in Paris, whose high standing in the eyes of English critics (including the present writer) is a source of bafflement and irritation in their American colleagues. And I well remember the contemptuous answer a Paris critic gave me when I professed my admiration for the work of a certain Paris sculptor: "Ca! C'est fait pour les américains."

It often is easier to understand a deficiency of what one conceives to be just appreciation than an excess of it. Some artists do not travel as certain wines do not travel: their work simply cannot stand the change of climate, meaning light—can only thrive in the particular light it was painted in. Other work is unexportable because in one way or another its appeal at home is rooted in certain shared local experiences, especially those touching on some element of folklore, or private joke, or guilty family secret.

Stanley Spencer, the most notable of living English painters of this kind, has lately been showing some recent works in a miscellany at Tooth's. This also included some new paintings by Matthew Smith, one of those artists whose discrepancy between whose national and international reputation is hard to understand.

In England, Sir Matthew Smith has the secure reputation of any contemporary English painter. Go into any well-off, upper-middlebrow ménage where pictures are collected, and as likely as not there will be at least one Matthew Smith on the wall. The authorities are on his side as well: he is better represented at the Tate Gallery than any other living English painter; the director of the National Gallery has long been his ardent champion. And he still has the admiration and respect of many of the younger painters: thus the only time Francis Bacon composed a statement for publication, it took the form of an appreciation of Matthew Smith.

Yet, at a time when English artists are winning so much success—even talents as dubious as Lynn Chadwick and Reg Butler—Matthew Smith remains a local celebrity. I believe that the reason for this is that he belongs to a type of artist who invariably wins less international attention than his merits deserve: Maurice Pendergast belongs to the same type among American painters, as did, perhaps, Filippo de Pisis among Italian painters. It is the type of the consolidator, as against that of the innovator, or the pseudo-innovator. The point about such a painter is that he does not sound exciting. When he is talked about, the impression is given either that his work is a diluted version of something better-done already, or that it is a compromise. It would be the latter in Matthew Smith's case, since he has made a synthesis of Fauvism (he was one of Matisse's pupils at the Couvent des Oiseaux) and the rich sensuousness of the Venetians of the cinquecento. Put into words, it sounds like a dreadfully vulgar and provincial marriage of convenience. We have to look at the pictures to realize that they are both authentic and exciting. But international reputations, sad



Samuel Palmer, DARK TREES BY A POOL; at the Art Council Gallery.

to say, are not made by the works of art: they are made by the ideas and *mystique* and legends that surround them. So that a painter of the second rank whose work sounds unremarkable when re-created in the jargon of the critics and dealers has less chance of becoming internationally known than a painter of the fourth rank who is doing something that is obviously "different."

Or am I talking nonsense? Does the standing which a painter has abroad serve in fact as a corrective to that which he enjoys at home? When he is not much admired abroad, is it not perhaps because his reputation at home has been inflated by provincial thinking?

Not long ago, I suggested in these columns that if modern German art was less universally admired than the Germans thought it ought to be, it was not those outside Germany who were mistaken about it. Was I right then, and wrong about Matthew Smith? Was I wrong then, and right about Matthew Smith? Was I right then, and right about Matthew Smith? Was I wrong then, and wrong about Matthew Smith? Who can tell? The question is not rhetorical, for it has an answer, which is: nobody.

A painter like Stanley Spencer is in a different case. He is the kind of painter whom his compatriots admire without expecting others to admire him. He is quaint, he is provincial, he is anecdotal. Yet to be in his company is to realize that he is a genius, because he has the vitality, the visionary insight, the strength, the generosity, the independence of spirit, the ability to do everything in his own way that are genius. If one is English or has lived in England, these qualities can be as evident in the work as in the man. It is a question of being able to understand the language. We pretend that this is not so, because countries have their languages in painting as well as in speech. The difference is that in pain-

ing a language can become, in certain hands, universally intelligible.

IMPORTANT exhibitions are being held as I write of two very English old masters—George Stubbs and "Samuel Palmer and his Circle: The Shoreham Period." Stubbs lived from 1724 to 1806, Palmer from 1805 to 1881. Both owe their rediscovery and present fame, to a considerable extent, to the enthusiasm of Mr. Geoffrey Grigson.

Palmer—the Palmer now admired, the Palmer of the Shoreham period (1826-34)—was rediscovered in the 1930's by Grigson and Graham Sutherland, whose early etchings are almost pastiches of Palmer. And Palmer became the great inspiration of the neo-romantic movement of the war years, the movement led by Sutherland which sought to re-establish English painting on an English basis and which specialized in painting blasted trees, excessively leafy lanes, and tangled undergrowth in which poets lay in concealment reading or ruminating.

Palmer himself drew his inspiration from Shoreham and from the ideas of William Blake. He was one of a group of Blake's disciples who, as John Piper has put it, "spent summer nights in the open air, watching the Northern glimmer and the approaching dawn. They sang at night in hollow cliffs and deserted chalk-pits, and acted a tragedy in a deep lane that was the scene of a past murder. They visited hop-fields, distant vil-

lages, churches and primitive cottages, always travelling on foot, and they went out to meet approaching thunder-storms, to watch the gathering sky, to enjoy the lightning and to feel the beat of heavy rain."

It is difficult not to like Palmer, and difficult, for me, to like his work now, though twelve and fifteen years ago he made me see nature through his eyes. Today I find him too deliberately picturesque and poetical, quite without the delicacy and mystery of a Thomas Bewick.

Stubbs seems an equally English artist, but this is largely because he specialized in painting horses. In spirit he is closer to Chardin and the early Goya than to his English contemporaries, through his freedom from the anecdotal and the picturesque. His horses, so formally presented, might easily have become inhabitants of an idealized, Arcadian world. But they are not Houyhnhnms, nobler and cleverer than men, too holy to be saddled, any more than they are useful servants, appendages to men. The horses are horses and the men are men. Neither species is nobler or better than the other; they are merely different, and both have a natural dignity. Stubbs's very affinities with the empirical tradition in English thought make him un-English as a painter. He is not only among the most singular personalities in English painting—for all that he is one of a long line of horse-painters—but perhaps the noblest and subtlest painter we have had.

Samuel Palmer, THE VALLEY OF VISION; courtesy of Leonard Duke and the Arts Council of Great Britain.



George Stubbs, MARES AND FOALS; at Whitechapel Art Gallery; collection Earl Fitzwilliam.



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PARIS

Chadwick, Hitchens and Bacon featured in an artistic "Entente Cordiale" . . . a regrade American exhibition at the Galliera . . . "lesser" media in a series of lively shows . . .

BY BARBARA BUTLER

THE current season has established a special "Entente Cordiale" atmosphere with the recent opening of the Chadwick and Hitchens exhibition at the Musée d'Art Moderne—which museum is itself sending more than two hundred of the best paintings in its collection to London—and of Francis Bacon's one-man show at the Galerie Rive Droite—whose members recently were exhibited at Arthur Tooth's. And within a few weeks Henry Moore will send over a show of his drawings and sculpture to the Galerie Berggruen.

The Chadwick-Hitchens show, which (as are all the major foreign exhibitions presented here) was arranged through the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs rather than by the museum itself, is comprised of the two artists' exhibits at the 1956 Venice Biennale, augmented by a number of recent works sent from England. The exhibition has been on tour in Vienna and Munich and from here will travel to Brussels and Amsterdam, in accordance with the British Arts Council's custom of sending the most important section of the British Pavilion at the Biennale—Moore, Sutherland, Nicholson in the last years—to different cities in Europe after the Venice exhibition.

In spite of continuing disappointment here that Chadwick rather than Giacometti won the Biennale sculpture prize last summer, his work has been very well received in Paris, and much more so than that of Hitchens, who is accused of both "virtuosity" and "vagueness," and has been accorded much less space in the press. Perhaps the installation of Chadwick's work in brilliantly white, newly painted and spacious galleries as opposed to the display of Hitchens' canvases on dull-pinkish walls in badly lighted rooms could account for a certain degree of the emphasis on the sculptor's work in the press. Even with that in mind, however, it is surprising that an artist as assured and as sensitive in control of his medium as Hitchens has not had a more favorable reception here.

To this reviewer Hitchens' paintings seem to combine both the sensuous finesse of the Continental *belle matière* with the freshness of the best English landscape painting. All Hitchens' paintings are landscapes—*outdoor* paintings. Each canvas seems to contain the joy of discovery in a certain bit of foliage or a view of a forest. He describes his motifs in broad, loose areas of color: smoky grays and blue-greens or autumnal tones. The directness of his strokes, the precision and grace of each touch of his loaded brush enliven the entire surface of his canvases. No stroke is smeared, and there seems to be no over-painting—no revisions; oil is handled almost like watercolor. The white canvas exposed between the color areas gives maximum visibility to his brushwork while defining the different forms and allowing the paintings to "breathe." Legible as landscapes with even a sense of depth conveyed by the exactness of his tones (which Patrick Heron describes in his excellent preface to the catalogue), these paintings also give a pronounced sense of spaciousness and light.

Chadwick uses the figure as a basis for his work in much the way that Hitchens uses the landscape as a point of departure. But whereas the painter gives us a sensuous visual record of his motif, simplified to what (he makes us feel) are the essential terms, Chadwick's images suggest symbolic references. He adds as well as abstracts. In his work of the last two years, which



Iron Hitchens, FLOWERS BY A WINDOW, at Musée d'Art Moderne; collection Ayala and Sam Zacks

makes up the greater part of the exhibits, these additions—or extra-visual ideas—have not been exploited at the expense of structural qualities. In fact Chadwick's sculpture has become increasingly architectural; he has moved away from the heavy-handed surrealism of such pieces as his complicated *Eye* of 1952 (lent by the Museum of Modern Art, New York, where it was shown in the 1955 "New Decade" exhibition) and other works with tricky moving parts—vestiges of his earlier mobiles.

Chadwick's recent figures have a predominantly birdlike quality in their ridged wing capes and beaked heads; the solid torsos are set on thin chair legs. These allusions are integrally related to the primary emphasis of verticality—the upward thrust of the pieces. The pronged beaks and arm projections on the top of the figures reach up into space, and an aspect of flight is conveyed by the wing ridges—or cape folds—of the triangular or squarish torsos. These ridges present filed and chiseled surfaces made of a gypsum-and-iron filling compound with which the sculptor builds up his iron armatures. The metal looks taut as if being pulled upward. The profiles of these pieces, especially the carefully balanced sets of two figures, are arranged in sharply ascending diagonal patterns, and from every angle each facet of these simplified shapes seems to be pointing skyward. Even with their

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strict architecture Chadwick's bird-people have a humorous aspect. His double figures seem to approach each other with a shy coquettishness, and one piece, *The Orator*, is frankly a caricature with its open beak-mouth and outstretched, pompously gesturing arm.

Although Chadwick's figures have been compared to Germaine Richier's hybrid creatures by several of the critics here, I think that Francis Bacon's paintings actually bear closer analogies to the French sculptor's work. Not only is the prevailing mood of *Angst* similar in both Bacon's and Richier's work, but they both employ fundamentally the same technical means, of partially destroying what is essentially a conventionally stated image. Bacon's imaginary portraits are veiled with layers of overpaint blurring the image—like overexposed photographs—just as Richier's figures are blurred by their lacerated surfaces. Chadwick, on the other hand, has evolved in his sculpture a unique and clear-stated formal language.

Across the Avenue du Président Wilson at the Musée Galliera, the exhibition of "Peintres Américains Contemporains" offers a dismal contrast to the British show. The show presents seventy-five canvases by seventy-five different artists. Henry Billings, of the International Association of the Plastic Arts, which is responsible for the exhibition (with Harold Weston as President of the Exhibition Committee and a jury consisting of Milton Avery, Isabel Bishop, Edwin Dickinson, Sidney Laufman and George L. K. Morris), states in his preface to the catalogue that the sole aim is to "show the variety of painting in America today." This aim, however, is certainly not fulfilled.

The exhibition, first of all, is not representative of contemporary American painting, and most of the painters who were chosen are not well represented. There are few canvases here that could not have been painted twenty years ago (perhaps some of them were); one has the general impression of being on the "conservative" floor of a Whitney annual at about that time. On the whole American artists are shown to be engaged in prosy social realism and timid abstraction. The most notable feature of the exhibition is its omissions. As only the work of living artists was eligible, Pollock and Gorky were automatically excluded, but there is no Kline, Motherwell, Still, Rothko, Guston, Cavalon, Ferren . . . And although the exhibition leans heavily toward figurative painting, and we have Loren MacIver's *Portrait of Jimmy Salvo*, Evergood's *Lily and the Sparrows*, a Raphael Soyer, a Franklin Watkins and Alexander Brooks' well-titled *Tragic Muse*, Ben Shahn has not been included in the exhibition. A score of artists are represented by very inferior examples of their work, notably Tobey, Stuart Davis, Graves, Michael Loew, Marca-Relli, Okada, Solomon, Sheeler and Stamos. The most astonishing entry in this line is theapid, conventional *Portrait of Rudy Burkhardt* by Willem de Kooning, which betrays not one sign of being executed by this artist's hand; the De Kooning "style" is left to be upheld by a singularly bad example of Stephen Pace's work.

The few first-rate paintings here, Bolotowsky's *Vertical Opalescence* (which was wisely chosen for the poster), Kerkam's *Blue Cape*, Gottlieb's *Trajectory*, a Vasiliev still life, a Benn seascape, a Kienbusch sea- and landscape and Walkowitz's charming *From My Window*, provide fresh notes but are not enough to change the prevailing tired tone of the whole exhibition, nor do most of them represent the current American idioms that the French are most anxious to see. The exhibition is, of course, extremely disappointing for artists and amateurs who are genuinely interested in seeing what is happening in America today. The general attitude of the critics can be

summed up in Georges Besson's "Paris First? Yes!" in the Communist *Lettres françaises*. André Chastel in *Le Monde* remarked on the exclusion of several of our most famous artists and added that there was nothing here "to strike one's attention." In a similar vein Cartier of *Combat* commented that the exhibition "brought nothing new to the plastic realm." Unappeased by the conservative tone of the exhibition, Claude-Roger Marx, the archreactionary of the Paris critics, concluded his review by stating that there is enough confusion in the Parisian art world without the Foreign Ministry encumbering limited exhibition space with potpourris which do a disservice to the countries which send them.

Of special interest in the galleries this month are a number of exhibitions of work in the so-called "lesser" media. Both the Galerie du Dragon and the Galerie Daniel Cordier are holding group drawing shows. The recently opened Cordier gallery's guest exhibition gives a broad showing of artists and styles, from the designs on parabolic curves and evenly paced straight lines of Michel Seuphor to Bryen's delicate sketches of amorphous liquid forms. The highlight of the assemblage is the rarely exhibited ink studies of the late Sophie Taeuber-Arp (from Jean Arp's collection) which anticipated both Albers' play on the square and today's freest accident painting. More homogeneous, the Dragon group is comprised of drawings and some graphic works by its stable of artists, which is headed by Matta and includes the sympathetic talents of Zanarta, Alechinsky, Masurovsky and Brauner. At the Galerie de France the veteran exhibitor Gustave Singier presents a little-known facet of his work with a large sequence of watercolors and his lithographs illustrating André Fréderique's *Traits des appareils*. The watercolors, although based on the same images as his oils, are more subtle in their color harmonies and more refined in execution—and to my mind considerably more successful. The forms which are locked in the even-valued, enamel-bright surfaces of his oils seem in this "lesser" medium to float in softly brushed clouds of color, and to be painted rather than filled in with color.

Oscar Chelinsky and Louis Nallard, two of the artists in the Galerie 93's "Seize Peintres de la Jeune Ecole de Paris" exhibition held last month, are now featured in a guest exhibition of watercolors at that gallery. Nallard is also currently exhibiting his oils at the Galerie Jeanne Bucher. In his work in both media, the painter is engaged with molecule-like swimming spots of color which stream in vertical paths down the canvas. His hues are close-toned, emphasizing the appearance of unstable melting forms. Chelinsky's paintings in watercolor and casein, which make up the greater part of this exhibition, are also composed of an all-over pattern of small forms. But in his work each stroke, a form in itself, is clearly stated to give a coherent pattern of swooping and darting shapes moving throughout the picture space. Each stroke counts; there are no background or inert areas. The painter manages the difficult task of sustaining the energy in each individual brush stroke without allowing the total composition to become chaotic or haphazard. In most cases black conveys the major motif, echoed by shapes in other hues, or, in the caseins here, by lines scratched out on the surface of the paint. The vitality of his stroke is well demonstrated in a series of "miniature" watercolors, measuring no more than three by four inches, in which one or two sweeps of the brush provide the entire picture. Although this New York painter has spent most of his artistic career in Paris, his work seems to embody the best traits of our contemporary art, and it is here, more than at the Musée Galliera, that one can get a valid impression of the vitality of American painting.

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THE DUCHAMP FAMILY

Despite certain shared intellectual preoccupations, the three brothers reveal distinct artistic personalities.

BY ROBERT ROSENBLUM

In a sense, it is unfortunate that Jacques Villon, Raymond Duchamp-Villon and Marcel Duchamp had the same parents, for without this family tie their art might be better known. The understandable temptation has been to exhibit the work of the three brothers together, as if blood relations necessitated artistic ones. In the past, the Duchamp family has been shown in duos, trios and even quartets (including, that is, the negligible work of the painter-sister Suzanne Duchamp); and the present show, which was briefly seen in New York at the Guggenheim Museum and is currently on view at Houston's Museum of Fine Arts, clings to this tradition. As a result, there was again a smattering of the Duchamps, and one left once more with the wish that at least Raymond and Marcel will some day be given the full-scale one-man show each so obviously deserves.

Even if the multiplicity of a three-man show had not weakened the chances of assessing the individual contributions of these very different masters, the installation at the Guggenheim in itself would have curtailed such judgments. Throughout, the works of the three brothers were consciously intermingled, with as much disregard for personal identity as for chronological sequence. Thus, if one attempted to piece together the sparse but important achievement of Raymond's sculpture, one had to carry memory images from one gallery and floor to another while fighting against the momentarily intrusive presence of Marcel's and Jacques's paintings. Still, this family mixture had one advantage. For the spectator who wished to find some correlation among the works shown, an opportunity was provided, intentionally or not, to perceive more clearly the common denominators of this brilliant family. What was inescapable was the tonic air of intellectuality which reigned, whether in the recurrent images of chess games and the geometric webs of Cubism or, more generally speaking, in the persistent analysis, both constructive and destructive, of the relation between art and nature. And one observed, too, the family's common fascination with the problem of movement, a counterpart, as it were, to the investigations of Futurism, but substituting for the Italians' stridency and impulsiveness a French sense of discipline and regularity.

Raymond's grasp of these issues appeared particularly notable because of the more difficult problems posed by traditional sculptural media. Already in 1910 the *Torso of a Young Man*, with its striding posture and truncated limbs, illustrates this impulse to energize the bland passivity of Maillollesque forms. Yet here, as in the mechanized bear of Jacques's *Soldiers on the March* of 1913 or in Marcel's notorious staircase descent of 1912, the sense of a predictable, sequential motion predominates. In the bronze *Maggy* of 1911, the compacted energies of *Torso* begin to shatter sculptural mass into bulbous projections and hollows, but the bust retains, like Matisse's contemporary *Jeannette* bronzes, an ultimate awareness of measure and calm. Perched on a totemic cylinder of a neck, what might be a disquietingly grotesque head becomes, rather, an image of monumental poise. In the same way, this structural order permeates the more radical deformations of the 1914 bronzes. The *Seated Woman*, for example, transfigures its subject into a mannequin of slippery and unstable anatomical junctures, yet it does so with a serene inevitability which evokes the French classical tradition. And in the two horses of 1914, inexplicably installed on different floors, it is apparent that Raymond's logical inquiries have seized upon Marcel's proto-Dada equation of the organic and the mechanical. In these two works, surely his mas-



Raymond Duchamp-Villon, MAGGY (1911), bronze; collection Galerie Louis Carré.

terpieces, the natural and the man-made are one; they are literally and figuratively images of horsepower, confounding the dynamics of the animal in an equine engine of churning wheels and swelling jowls. By 1918, the year of Raymond's untimely death, the Dada intimations of such works are realized. And with *Professor Gosset*, one wonders whether Raymond's death was, artistically speaking, really so untimely. For in this devastatingly tiny bronze—it floats four inches high—one feels that Raymond's own logic, like Marcel's, might eventually have paralyzed his creativity. Compared to the rich combination of acute sensibility and intellect in the 1911 *Baudelaire* bust, *Professor Gosset* is a cerebral nugget, wittily destructive and tottering on the brink of nothingness.

As for Marcel, he was represented even more sketchily than Raymond, and since all his works exhibited came, with one exception, from the Arensberg Collection, the point of the selection seemed even more questionable and the lost opportunity to give him a large one-man show even more regrettable. Furthermore, what there was could barely demonstrate the breadth of his genius, for only one full-fledged Dada object was included. Nevertheless, the twelve works shown conveyed something of that astonishing intellect which in only three years, 1910-12, conquered and rejected the complexities of Cézanne, Fauvism, Cubism and Futurism.

To move from the 1910 to the unfinished 1911 *Chess Players* was to be abruptly plunged from the outward rendering of a garden of intellectual delights, where the Duchamp family sits in intense contemplation, to the inward rendering of a chess match in which the battle of logic decomposes matter into multiple, transparent images of pensive profiles and furrowed brows reverberating endlessly in time and space. And in much

the same way, the *Sonata*, of 1912, dismembers the women of the Duchamp family in the act of music-making, another communal activity which, like chess, involves a maximum of individual concentration. It is this very triumph of mind over matter which pervaded the 1912 paintings exhibited, for in the *Bride* and the *Passage from the Virgin to the Bride*, even sexual functions are reduced to analytic schemata of pistons, wires, valves and dotted lines.

If the subsequent development of Marcel's uncompromising disintegration of accepted values is one of the soaring achievements of the twentieth-century mind, its relentless course was barely adumbrated by the only two post-1912 works included. The 1914 *Chocolate Grinder, No. 2*, a miracle of golden, threaded precision whose impersonally printed title and date are so startlingly included within instead of without the picture space, made the absence of the "large glass," in which it is a major protagonist, all the more conspicuous. And of the totally heretic Dada works, there was only *Why Not Sneeze?* of 1921, which, to be sure, was sufficiently potent in its attack on preconceptions about art and reality to make everything else in the show look hoary with age and conventions. There it hung, a brilliant series of logical *non sequiturs*—a bird cage filled with marble sugar cubes, a cuttlebone and a fever thermometer. If one is to have a bird cage, a cuttlebone, after all, is hardly a surprise; if a temperature is being recorded, a sneeze is surely not inappropriate; if the marble sugar cubes are loose, they should quite reasonably be confined to a cage; if the residents of a suspended bird cage are usually airborne, they might also be as weightily earthbound as marble. And why, furthermore, should a work of art not be subject to the same laws of chance as non-art? These cubes will move, this mercury will rise and fall.



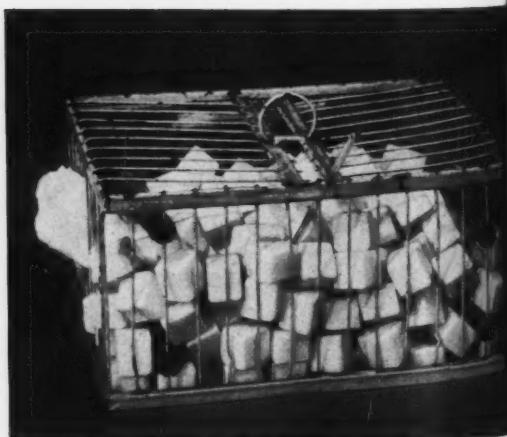
Raymond Duchamp-Villon, PORTRAIT OF PROFESSOR GOSSET (1918), bronze; collection Mr. and Mrs. Walter Pach.

Raymond Duchamp-Villon, TORSO OF A YOUNG MAN (1910), bronze; collection Mr. and Mrs. Walter Pach.





Marcel Duchamp. Above: THE CHESS PLAYERS (1910). Left: PORTRAIT OF CHESS PLAYERS (1911). Below: Ready-made, WHAT NOT SNEEZE ROSE SELAVY? (1921). All three works are from the Louise and Walter Arensberg Collection, Philadelphia Museum of Art.



THE DUCHAMP FAMILY

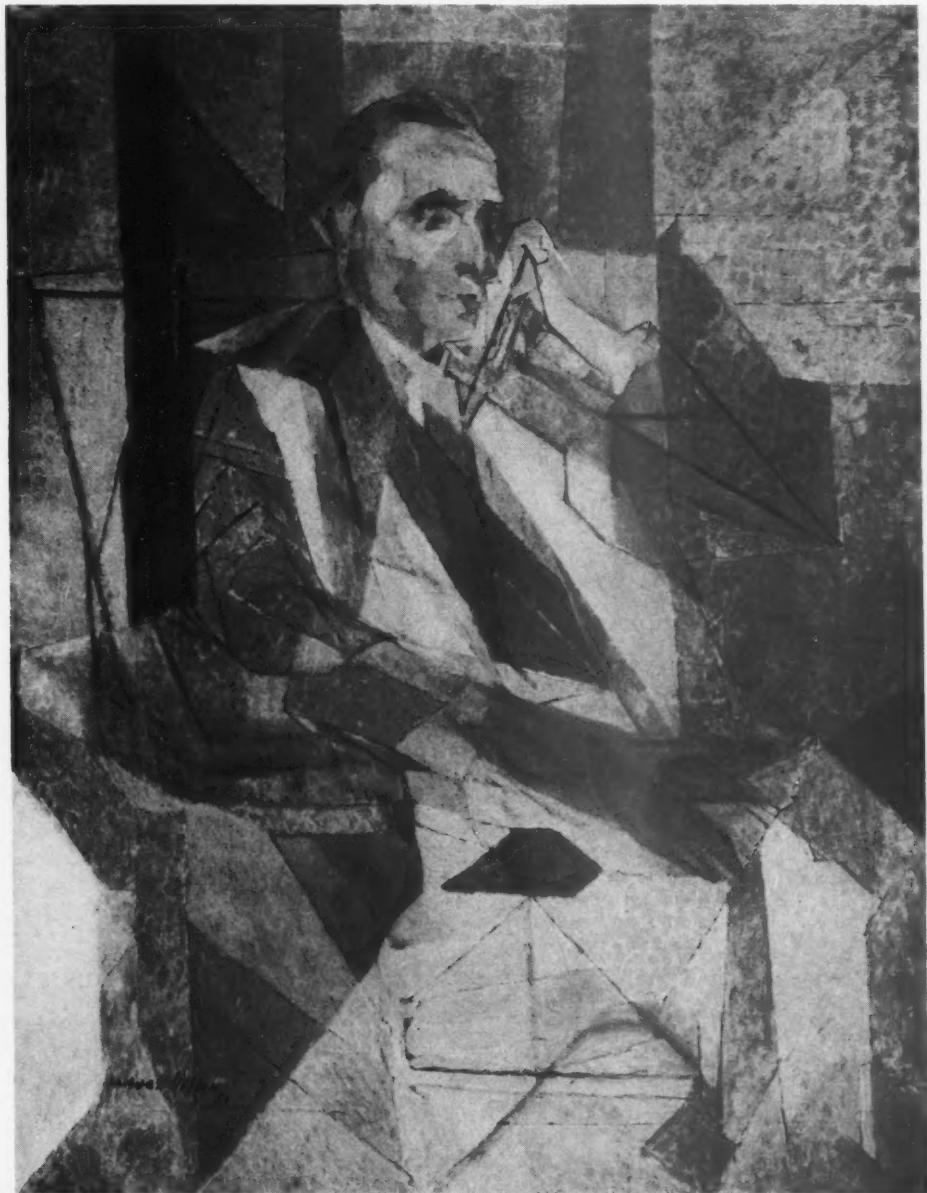
If Marcel, and perhaps even Raymond, refused to withdraw from the perilous, uncharted realms their intellects dictated, Jacques, by contrast, is an artist who succumbed too soon to the comfortable security of an unchallenged formula. In his case, it was Cubism which provided the intellectual and sensuous scaffolding for his art and which offered him, like the game of chess to which he and his brothers were devoted, the possibility of infinite variation within a preordained system of rules. But unlike Marcel, Jacques never questioned the game itself, and only in the 1910's, when he learned the rules, is there the exhilaration of discovery. The most intensely felt paintings in the show remained the earlier ones—the 1912 *Still Life*, with its somber, mysterious color and quivering, tentative fragmentation, or the 1913 *Soldiers on the March*, with its crystalline elegance, its fusion of intellectual and physical rhythms, its newly won understanding of the classical potentialities of the Cubist idiom. Again in the early 1920's, there is a moment of exploration which temporarily invigorates Jacques's art. The color abstractions and, above all, the race-horse studies, with their taut distillation of matter and movement into the language of Synthetic Cubism, suggest the excitement of a new set of rules in which spatial relations are determined by unshaded, interlocking color planes placed parallel, rather

than oblique, to the picture surface.

Yet by and large, Jacques's work of the succeeding decades offers only a mannered replaying of games which have long since been won. Furthermore, these later paintings are not always successful, even within their own restricted terms. As has often and rightly been remarked, the frequent combinations of pinks, purples, oranges, greens tend to be cloying or bilious; but perhaps a more serious criticism is the occasional sense of incongruity between style and subject. Thus, the themes of the more recent paintings are of an ever-growing particularity—portraits, aeroplanes, farm machines, Norman landscapes—whereas the formal vocabulary in which they are realized is so abstract in its analysis of color and plane that its relation to such specific images appears arbitrary. Why, one wonders, should an aeroplane landing be painted with the same rainbow palette as a portrait of Marcel? Too often style becomes manner.

Still, at their best, Jacques's paintings can demonstrate, like those of such other dedicated Cubists as Feininger or Nicholson, the hardly inconsiderable virtues of a disciplined mind working with traditional craftsmanship, caution and refinement. And next to the unbalancing exaltation of Marcel's intellect, these more homely assets provide a welcome haven.

Jacques Villon, PORTRAIT OF MARCEL DUCHAMP (1951); collection Mr. Niels Onstad, New York.





THE PATRONAGE OF PROGRESS

Business and government sponsorship of contemporary American architecture forms the theme of an important exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art—and also suggests some striking parallels with the past.

BY ADA LOUISE HUXTABLE

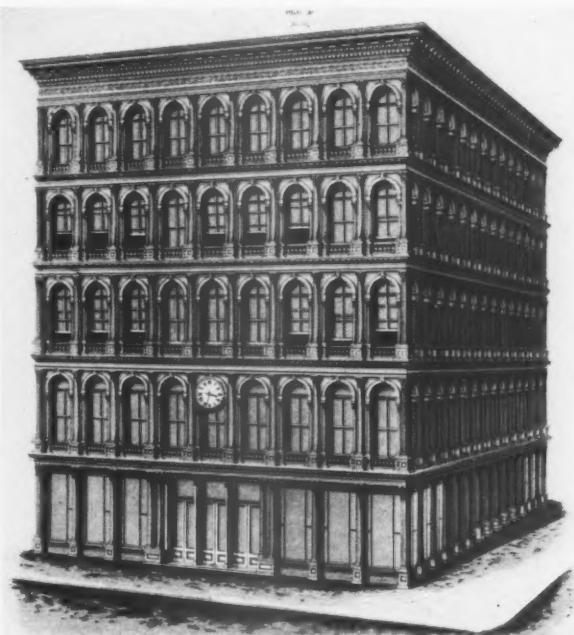
THE practical art of building is the subject of many romantic legends. Architecture has its myths, fantasies, heroes and villains; its causes and crusades have spiced the story of structural advance. In the most popular fancy of all, the virtuous art of architecture is wronged by a wicked businessman or bureaucrat who, through stupidity and avarice, fails to recognize her beauty and truth. As the traditional enemy of progress, he supports the *status quo* and perpetuates false standards. He is the last to see the light. While we weep and cheer, the villain is vanquished by enlightened patronage, and virtue and the *avant-garde* triumph in the end.

How well does this romantic fantasy stand up in the light of objective analysis? Well enough, when we restrict ourselves to the last half-century. If the development of modern architecture is often turned into a set of clichés based on this popular theme, the legend is nonetheless based in fact. No movement has ever fought a harder battle for official recognition; no design revolution has ever had more moral, esthetic and practical justification for its widespread use, or encountered more difficulties in the acceptance of its principles and practice. The contemporary style has overcome ridicule, reaction, timidity and ignorance to place its indelible stamp on the twentieth century. The new exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art, "Buildings for Business and Government" (to May 5), shows how successfully this important battle has been won. Six major structures, selected and presented by Arthur Drexler, Director of the Department of Architecture and Design, form the rousing finale to our story. Virtue—the elegant classicism of modern technology—is not only triumphant, but has become the order of the day. Modern architecture has achieved respectability, solidity and status. As an instrument of promotion and prestige, it is being practiced under an impressive new patronage that makes previous endorsements of earlier styles on anything less than the scale of Versailles seem pallid by comparison. It is this new kind of patronage that forms the theme of the exhibition, and that gives our story its ultimate ironical twist. The traditional villains of the modern movement, government and industry, are now its heroes, responsible for the realization of its monuments on a scale of unprecedented splendor.

The six buildings in the exhibition demonstrate the nature of today's patronage and practice with unmistakable clarity. For business, we are invited to study the Chase Manhattan Bank, New York City, by Skidmore, Owings and Merrill; the General Motors Technical Center, Detroit, by Eero Saarinen and Associates; and the Seagram Building, New York City, by Mies van der Rohe and Philip C. Johnson. Government commissions are represented by the Air Force Academy, Colorado, also by Skidmore, Owings and Merrill; the United States Embassy for New Delhi, India, by Edward Stone, architect, and Torkelsen, Flood and Snibbe, associates; and the St. Louis Air Terminal, by Helmuth, Yamasaki and Leinweber. The specific patrons of these monuments of the new architecture are a bank, the manufacturers of two staples of our civilization

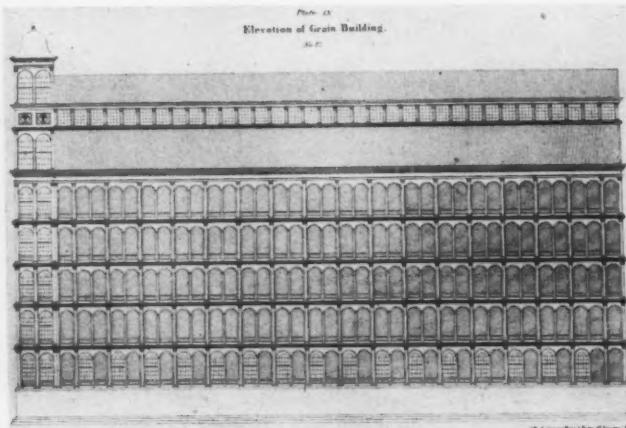
(automobiles and whiskey), the United States Air Force, the State Department and a municipal transportation authority. To realize their revolutionary character, it is only necessary to look at the earlier building record of such firms or institutions during the present century. Almost invariably, they have clung to the respectable, reactionary vocabulary of Neo-Renaissance revivalism, hiding their specialized modern functions behind a reassuring array of classical orders impressively disposed to disguise the remarkable constructions of modern technology. A few private individuals of strong personal taste, working with architects of isolated genius, have been responsible for a limited number of outstanding contemporary designs, such as the 1938 administration building and the 1949 research tower for S. C. Johnson and Sons in Racine, Wisconsin, by Frank Lloyd Wright. Until quite recently, corporate or government commissions have seldom embraced the new style.

BUT what of the past? It will surprise many to learn that our little morality play of new architecture struggling for recognition against callous commercial odds has not always been applicable. Since the onset of the industrial revolution, business has played a major role in promoting new departures in structure and style, with government acceptance following slightly later, as it still does today. Nineteenth-century industry embraced new forms of construction as fast as they were developed; the practitioners of "creative eclecticism," as described by Carroll Meeks, sought to synthesize from historic styles an entirely new architectural vocabulary for specific commercial needs. In spite of the succession of revivals and lip-service to the past, the nineteenth century was a period of exceptional



Left: **Skidmore, Owings and Merrill**, CHASE MANHATTAN BANK, New York City. Right: **J. P. Gaynor**, THE E. V. HAUGHWOUT AND COMPANY STORE (1857), New York City; from *Illustrations of Iron Architecture* (1865), issued by the *Architectural Iron Works* of the City of New York.

THE PATRONAGE OF PROGRESS



Above: STUDY FOR GRAIN BUILDING, from *Illustrations of Iron Architecture* (1865), issued by the *Architectural Iron Works of the City of New York*. Right: William Le Baron Jenney, HOME INSURANCE BUILDING (1883-85), Chicago, Illinois.

architectural originality, with business clients responsible for many of the major innovations. The history of structure is inseparable from the history of manufacture and trade. Cast- and wrought-iron framing, first used in mills, soon spread to commercial buildings, and achieved its ultimate expression in train sheds, factories and the skyscrapers that popularly symbolize the modern world. By the forties of the last century, practical methods of iron construction had been patented and publicized; in the fifties, business had embraced the cast-iron building. Wrought-iron I-beams, rolled in 1854, were incorporated into commercial buildings and public institutions after the first set, interestingly enough, had been diverted by the government for its own use in the U. S. Assay Building on Wall Street. As fireproof metal construction developed, it was quickly specified for business and government structures. The rich, mechanical patterns of the new iron fronts—the *dernier cri* in architectural style from the fifties to the eighties—were used as a conscious dramatic statement of commercial supremacy. The structural and stylistic advantages of iron construction encouraged its immediate adoption for administration and manufacturing buildings, like the impressive 1854 Harper Brothers plant in





Eero Saarinen and Associates, TECHNICAL CENTER FOR GENERAL MOTORS, Warren, Michigan.

Photo by Ezra Stoller

New York City, and for the great new retail stores, or "commercial palaces," such as the Haughwout Store of 1857 and the Stewart Store, completed in 1862. Huge iron-arched train sheds, the most spectacular structural advance of the age, became the romantic symbol of industrial expansion. The end of the century brought the development of reinforced concrete in response to the needs of industry for strong, incombustible buildings with uninterrupted interior spans of greatly increased dimensions.

The skyscraper, in both its structural and esthetic aspects, is part and parcel of the growth of American business. From James Bogardus' experiments in the forties, through the insurance-company monuments that dominated the New York skyline in the seventies to the steel skeleton as it finally evolved in Chicago in the eighties and nineties, the tall building is a record of courageous experimentation under commercial sponsorship. Bessemer steel beams had their first architectural use in the Home Insurance Building of 1883-85, daringly incorporated into the iron skeleton above the sixth floor, as quickly as the factory could produce them. The Tacoma Building, in 1889, treated Chicagoans to their first startling view of the construction of a curtain wall, halfway between the roof and the ground. Louis Sullivan's extraordinary designs were commissioned by commercial clients.

Although the fact is not generally realized, the architect of the nineteenth century was fully as open-minded as the engineer. Greek, Gothic and Romanesque forms were only a starting point for the better Victorian designers, interpreted with admirable freedom for the special needs of an industrial society. Not until close to the end of the century were the revival styles reduced to lifeless, archeological copies. The unrestricted use of an unlimited variety of elements of composition and decoration permitted the rejection of established formulae and the creation of a characteristically American architecture of considerable power. New designs and experimental solutions were encouraged. It was a simple step for men like Henry Hobson Richardson to divest the current

mode of "picturesque functionalism" of its ornamental trappings in the eighties, as in his Marshall Field Warehouse and the Allegheny County Courthouse, and just one long step further for the change from this simplified, creative eclecticism to the modern style. Only with the turn of the century, when the atmosphere of business changed from bold adventure to bourgeois respectability, did reaction and timidity take over to interrupt, temporarily, the stream of progress. Fifty years later, secure in its position of social and economic superiority, seeking new symbols of supremacy, controlling vastly increased resources, the business corporation has again stepped into the role of patron of architectural advance.

TODAY'S patronage is a peculiar phenomenon of the present moment in history, made possible by a significant combination of forces. These forces are largely non-architectural, and prime among them is the factor of postwar prosperity. Profits have reached unprecedented peaks; growth and expansion are a necessary follow-through of our present production economy; the wealth of American corporations has raised them to a position of social, political, economic and psychological power in American society far transcending the ordinary business level. Grown to monstrous proportions, holding almost total responsibility for national well-being, big business has recognized the value of a new approach to its architectural commissions, and a new look for its architecture. Economics, not enlightenment, is the key to this stylistic change. If prosperity and the tax situation have created the present need to build, the hard-cash value of effective advertising and public relations has indicated that a striking departure in design—for identification and publicity—is a wise investment. The expression of leadership, power and prestige has become as financially important as the fulfillment of functional requirements. A quick look at the history of taste, and the patronage that accompanies it, reveals that the *avant-garde* is adopted as soon as it serves these practical purposes. Only rarely is esthetics the motivating factor. Art is acceptable in business as it adds to the



Photo by Joseph W. Molitor

Mies van der Rohe and Philip Johnson, Seagram Building, New York City.

THE PATRONAGE OF PROGRESS

stature of the sponsoring client, and the new architecture stands as a suitably impressive expression of the corporate and government gigantism of our age.

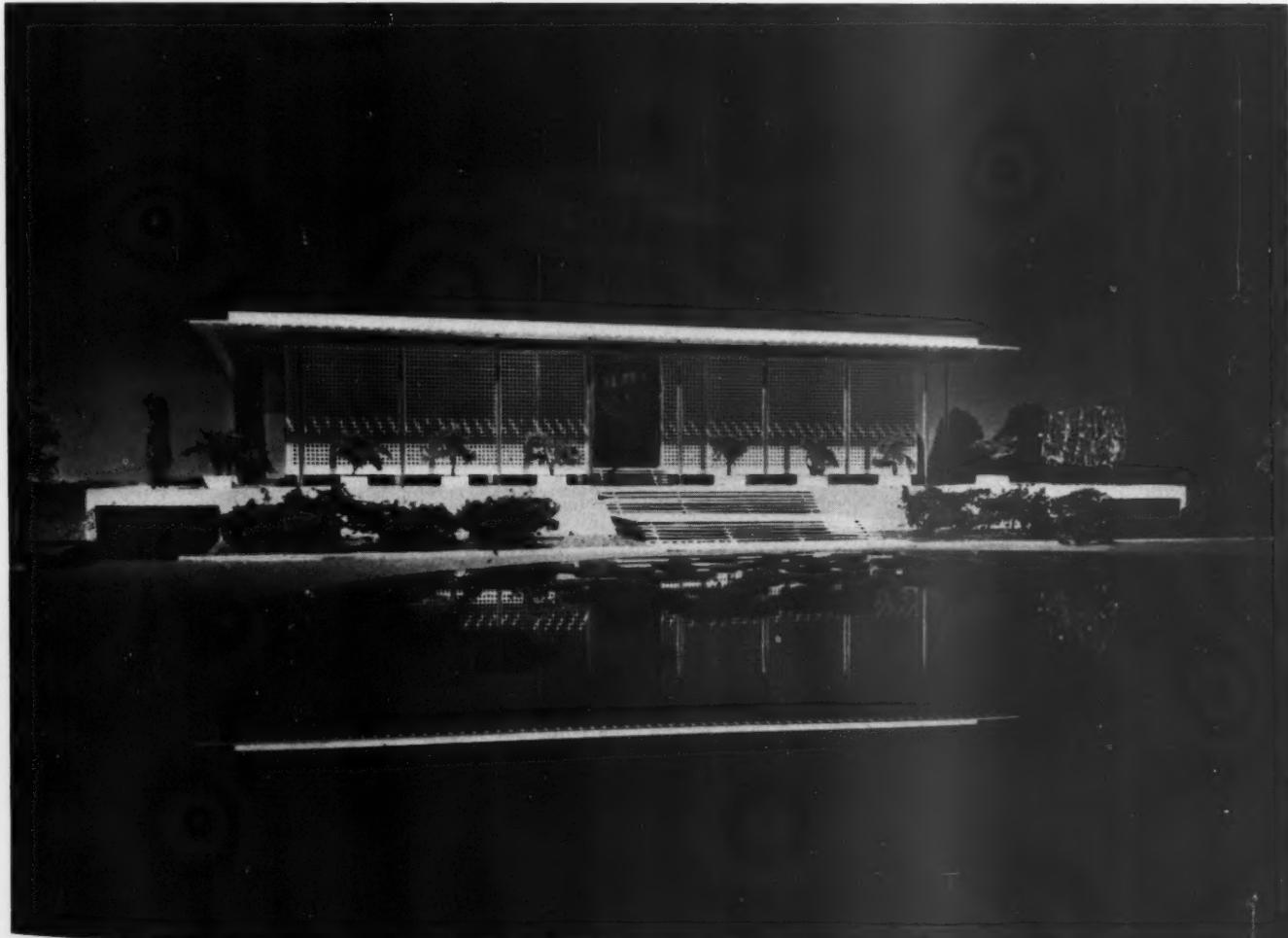
How has this been achieved? By the natural extension to architecture of the American philosophy of bigger and better in all things—in the scale of the buildings, and in the progressiveness or distinction of their design. Even the architectural firms that execute these commissions repeat, by necessity, the big-business pattern. It is this equation of progress and size, and the desire for the very latest and the very best, that underlie public acceptance of almost every major change in architecture, rather than rational recognition of appropriateness in terms of structure, function and design. Fortunately, modern architecture is both appropriate and expressive. In a world of tremendous social and economic pressures, where building projects may amount to millions of dollars (a hundred million for General Motors), what architecture "says" about the client becomes increasingly important. In some cases these commercially sponsored buildings go further, to make a profound statement about twentieth-century civilization. Mr. Drexler's exhibition captions for the General Motors Center perceptively indicate that this kind of architecture "plainly belongs to that part of American society whose values are increasingly determined by manufacturing and marketing techniques . . . the buildings are a celebration of mass production. As such they have more than architectural significance."

That this increased significance is being expressed more and more effectively in the contemporary idiom is evidenced by the common esthetic language of the projects displayed. The skeleton frame, the curtain wall and the forms of reinforced concrete present an elegant world of logical design and construction, where clearly articulated elements and tasteful utilization of materials create an atmosphere of serenity and

beauty. The visitor who experiences such buildings as the completed General Motors group rejoices in the clean lines, rich but simple surfaces and sensitive details. But the experience also raises doubts about the appallingly inhuman scale created by a mechanized society, and the endless boredom of the curtain wall. The relief provided by the punctuation of end-walls of glazed colored brick is almost too welcome, and the desire for a variation in skyline almost too intense. How characteristically we have rejected our grandfathers' admiration for picturesque variety, and our fathers' romantic love of the soaring skyscraper! How completely we have returned to classicism! A frankly sensuous use of intrinsic decoration as it appears in the design of the New Delhi Embassy suggests more elaborate architectural effects, if its imitators do not succeed in reducing it to a new kind of decorative chaos. Perhaps the more reliable promise is in the return to luxurious materials, as in the Seagram Building, where bronze and marble add their traditional richness to contemporary forms. Mr. Drexler's handsome installation is particularly commendable for its use of samples of actual materials and the inclusion of full-scale construction details. As an art of space and surface, architecture is difficult to appreciate in photographs and models, and architectural materials, through their very omnipresence, have become invisible to the city dweller. To see, with full awareness, these curtain-wall sections from the General Motors buildings, or to walk behind a pierced terra-cotta screen wall and under a suspended aluminum mesh ceiling planned for the New Delhi Embassy, or to cross a part of the quartz-aggregate pavement designed for the plaza of the Chase Manhattan Bank Building, is to have a rare opportunity to experience the new architecture directly. This kind of selective realism creates an immediate understanding of the nature of today's architecture and its potential pleasures for the eye.

Edward D. Stone, architect, Stanley M. Torkelson, Richard Flood, Richard W. Snibbe, associates, UNITED STATES EMBASSY FOR NEW DELHI.

Photo by Louis Cheekman





Milton Avery, YELLOW MEADOW.



Jacob Epstein, HEAD OF WYNNE GODLEY.

NOTES ON THE ILLINOIS BIENNIAL

BY HILTON KRAMER

"It is exactly the point at which the tradition broke down among the professors themselves, when they became 'modern' and 'creative,' and ashamed above all of seeming dull—it was exactly at this point that the writer was welcomed in a university whose proper study came to seem not the past, in its closed historic shape, but the constant interflow of 'life,' of contemporary experience, of every and any phenomenon that could be weighed, measured and described."

—Alfred Kazin, in *The Inmost Leaf*.

"By 'culture' it is, of course, possible to mean something altogether blameless. It may mean an education that aims at nothing but sharpening sensibility and strengthening the power of self-expression. But culture of that sort is not for sale: to some it comes from solitary contemplation, to others from contact with life; in either case it comes only to those who are capable of using it."

—Clive Bell, in *Art*.

THE breakdown in tradition which has resulted in the wholesale admission of poets and novelists into positions of academic celebrity during the past decade has also affected the teaching of art in the universities and given contemporary art a new role in academic life. The visiting artist, the artist-in-residence, even the faculty painting teacher on tenure,

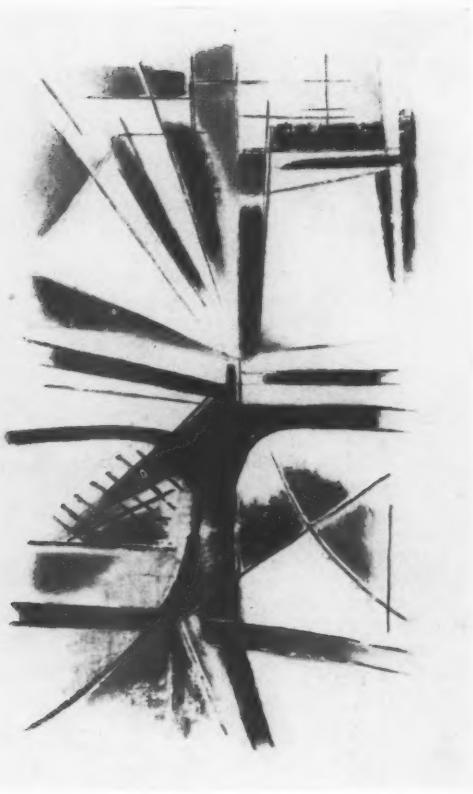
is more likely today to be a member of what some college dean thinks is the current *avant-garde* than an outspoken advocate of reaction. Even college exhibitions, which tend to be more and more numerous as the boundary lines between campus entertainment and cultural enlightenment tend to blur, reach out for the mana of the newest, latest, most up-to-date trends that committeemen can lay their hands on.

Thus, it seems to be true, as Alfred Kazin remarks, that the universities have abandoned their strict commitment to the past "in its closed historic shape" and opened themselves to the hazards of contemporary art—uncatalogued, undigested, with all its urgencies and failings naked and unexplained. But have they? It is not an easy question to answer, and in fact no single answer is possible to a question still so open to the contingencies of the next few years, by which time the universities will be exercising an unprecedented bureaucratic control over our cultural life.

My own impression is that, in abandoning the "closed historic shape" of the past, the universities have tried to postulate an historic shape for the present, with the result that a large show like the Illinois Biennial Exhibition of Contemporary American Painting and Sculpture, which I have just seen on the campus in Urbana, is a wholly different kind of event than a similar exhibition would be in New York. It has, in a sense, passed beyond the considerations of purely artistic interests and become a phenomenon of pedagogic culture.



Sidney Laufman, *Through the Woods*.



Jean Xceron, *"Aktis"* PAINTING 388.

In the selection of any large group exhibition, it seems to me that two general approaches are possible: either the selection is based on what I should call the pure esthetic meaning of a work of art—one's immediate and sustained intuition of the feeling communicated in the work, its naked artistic power, its sheer unmediated urgency in affecting our feelings and changing our lives—or it is based on some general assumption of cultural dynamics, probably some disposition toward a theory of cultural health. One need not mock such theories in order to see that they are not lacking in a capacity to falsify; that they immediately set in motion certain intellectual propensities which sooner or later will intervene decisively between the spectator and the work of art. Without a constant and rigorous self-examination of assumptions, they will sooner or later intervene to the point where the work of art is invited not to be itself but to prove some point, to strike some attitude, to win some victory—in short, to be a star performer in the game of culture.

It seems to me that this is precisely the way in which the universities impose an historic shape on the present, the way in which the formless immediate is domesticated for their programmatic needs. And it is precisely in this way that the *experience* of art is transformed by the mechanism of academic purposefulness into an experience more socialized, historicized—one is tempted to say, more culturized—than is entirely appropriate to a work of fine art.

AMONG the big university shows in this country, the Illinois Biennial has earned itself a certain seniority and respect. The University of Illinois is itself an active purchaser of contemporary works, and has already acquired a sizable collection

of modern American painting and sculpture which will some day be housed in a campus museum which is already on the drawing boards. Its commitment to contemporary art is thus long-standing and backed up by patronage.

This year's Biennial was selected by a committee of three Illinois faculty members, C. V. Donovan, W. F. Doolittle and J. D. Hogan, who traveled a good deal to galleries, museums, schools and studios around the country to seek out the exhibits which make up the final selection. And this process of selection, never innocent of the assumptions I have indicated above, has this year been deliberate in setting out to prove, or at least to sustain, the committee's—and not only the committee's—belief about the cultural character of American art at the present moment. As Allen S. Weller states it in his very knowledgeable introduction to the catalogue of the Biennial, the committee approached its task this year with a very conscious difference in attitude. "The difference lies in the fact that the jury did not plan simply to select a cross section of painting and sculpture which seemed to them good in its kind, without regard to direction or intention. A definite attempt was made to select work which seemed strong and even explicit in content, as opposed to work which is primarily concerned with artistic form for its own sake." No one could ask to have the cards more explicitly on the table than that. And Dr. Weller goes on to relate this intention to what the committee regards as a falling off in the impulses of the abstract painting which has claimed the major share of attention in the last few years: "The all-consuming and popular fascination with form, and the style of painting which deals with non-objective ideas and depends in large part upon the manner in which the material is manipulated, seems to have lost its forward impulses, and is

NOTES ON THE ILLINOIS BIENNIAL

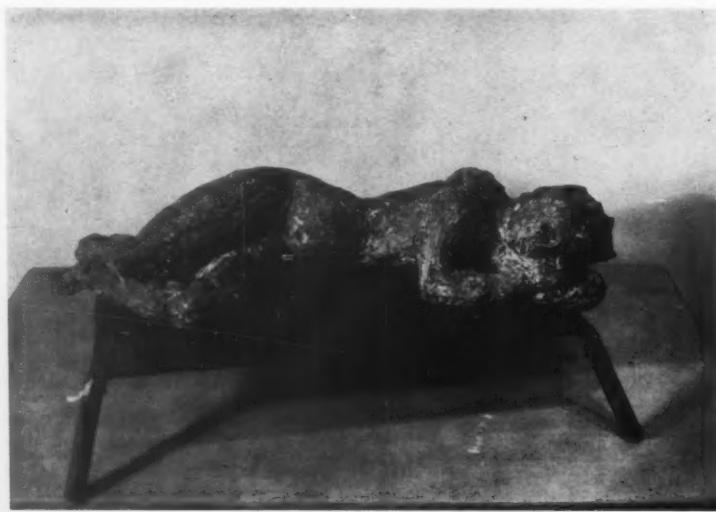
beginning to seem academic. In many cases style seems to have been adopted from without, rather than to have emerged inevitably and healthily from within the very core of the artist's thoughts and being."

Leaving aside for the moment the question of the accuracy of this judgment, it is interesting to see what this thinking has led to in the matter of selecting the current exhibition. In many cases, I am afraid, a turgid representationalism has replaced the "academic" non-objective canvases which have been programmatically rejected, with a result that leaves one unpersuaded that this exchange is a victory for cultural health. Nor should the programming lead one to believe that non-objective art has been excluded altogether; there are many works in this category in the exhibition, most of them, I daresay, among the most crying examples of "academic" abstraction that I know. But then, the experience of works of art can never be as tidy as the making of definitions; one is always liable to be touched by something in a painting which runs contrary to the most carefully made definition, and the Illinois committee has happily not attempted to suppress this human failing, even at the risk of contradicting its own program. It is one of the touching graces of the show.

Still, the emphasis on so-called "subject matter" has resulted in the underscoring of certain kinds of American painting, with a result that, as frequently happens whenever we bear down hard on particular elements in the American artistic scene, a notable vacuity is exposed. This is especially the case with artists who have addressed themselves to the subject of "The City," a group of whose pictures forms a small, coherent ex-

hibition within the Biennial as a whole. Ralph Du Casse, Karl Zerbe, Howard Cook, Albert Alcalay, Edgar Ewing, Roger Kuntz, Pierre Sicard, Stuart Davis and others have placed this theme at the center of their artistic interests. Their styles are disparate, wide-ranging, sophisticated; their techniques are various and frequently awesome; their will to articulate what they feel for their subjects is direct and sometimes forceful. But in picture after picture one has the impression of style as an empty receptacle into which has passed all the depressing vulgarity of American city life without a single one of its elements mastered and transformed by a really visionary artistic will. Compared, say, to the Impressionists' paintings of railroad stations, they seem to see nothing very new in their surroundings. Even the polemical element is lacking; one has only to remind oneself of what the old Ashcan School did with this subject to realize that these painters have, by and large, almost nothing to say. Their styles implicate them in the failings of city life but do nothing to deliver their pictures from its debilitating pressures.

Another aspect of American style makes itself felt in the Biennial too. Everyone admits that "style" means more than mere technical accomplishment; the most accomplished technicians are the first to insist on this point nowadays, and in fact they give every evidence of feeling a little guilty about their virtuosity. Inevitably this guilt has passed over into their pictures; wedded to another bit of cant—the virtue of the "unfinished" and the fragmentary—it now characterizes many works by artists whose only claim in the first place was a technical dazzlement which they have now ardently tried to dis-



David Hare, SLEEPING WOMAN.

Charles Burchfield, RADIANT SPRINGTIME.



guise. Chief among these artists is Jack Levine, who tries to inject a "contemporary" feeling into his painting by means of blurs and smudges and incidental voids thoroughly unbecoming to his modest traditionalist talents. (It reminds us that the smudge and the drip are to the fifties what the little scenes of capitalist corruption were to the thirties.) At another level of slickness the same charge can be made against René Bouché, whose *Portrait of Saul Steinberg* makes its claim on one's attention solely in terms of the drawing of the figure at his work table. As a painting it simply doesn't exist, which doubtless accounts for its unfinished and fragmentary style, the official fugitive means by which academic painting is now passing itself off as up-to-date. I take it that it will not be on such butterfly wings as these that the "new humanism" mentioned by Dr. Weller in his introduction will be brought to modern culture.

Not surprisingly, the best works in the Illinois show are not those for which one can make large programmatic claims, nor are their authors especially interested in asserting their "subjects"; indeed, most of them have passed beyond having "subjects" to the point where they now enjoy having a vision, which is another thing entirely. There is a superb *Head of Wynne Godley* by Sir Jacob Epstein (in Illinois generously considered an American, notwithstanding his knighthood). There is a very pleasant, though possibly too sweet, picture by Milton Avery; a fine watercolor by Charles Burchfield; an excellent forest painting by Sidney Laufman; a superlative still life by Nicholas Vasilieff—a stunning example of what is still possible for an artist whose feeling extends to the outermost edges of the canvas; a delicate abstraction by Jean Xceron, finer for its

tonal passages than for its over-all imagery, which seems slight; and an attractive sculpture by David Hare, a reclining female figure unfortunately compromised by a pedestal which makes her look as if she were being cooked on a hotplate. There are also interesting pictures by Edward Giobbi, Georgia O'Keeffe, Bill Parker, Reginald Pollack and Donald S. Vogel.

These works assert their singularity over and above any demonstration of cultural progress or regress, and one is grateful for them. An exhibition composed exclusively of such works would be a great pleasure. But would it make a point—that is, a point beyond individual artistic values? I doubt it. And it is this difference which separates the Illinois show from the artistic community. For the latter, art is above all a personal fate, and it can never be that for the academic community in whose functioning dialectic art is just one interest among many. It is doubtless ungrateful even to raise the point, and yet we shall only deceive ourselves if the point isn't made again and again in the years ahead when more and more artists will be forced into teaching jobs to survive and we shall be hearing on every side that the university is the proper home for the arts. Almost half a century ago Clive Bell warned that ". . . of all the enemies of art, culture is perhaps the most dangerous, because the least obvious." He was speaking, of course, of the cultural snobbery of a class, yet the warning seems no less apposite to the cultural purposefulness of the universities which is all set to preside over the artistic life of the next generation and of which an exhibition like the Illinois Biennial gives us a distressing foretaste, notwithstanding the honorable intentions and devoted labors which are its conscious motivating force.



Donald S. Vogel, STILL LIFE.

Nicholas Vasilieff, ON THE PORCH.





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THE PULITZER COLLECTION

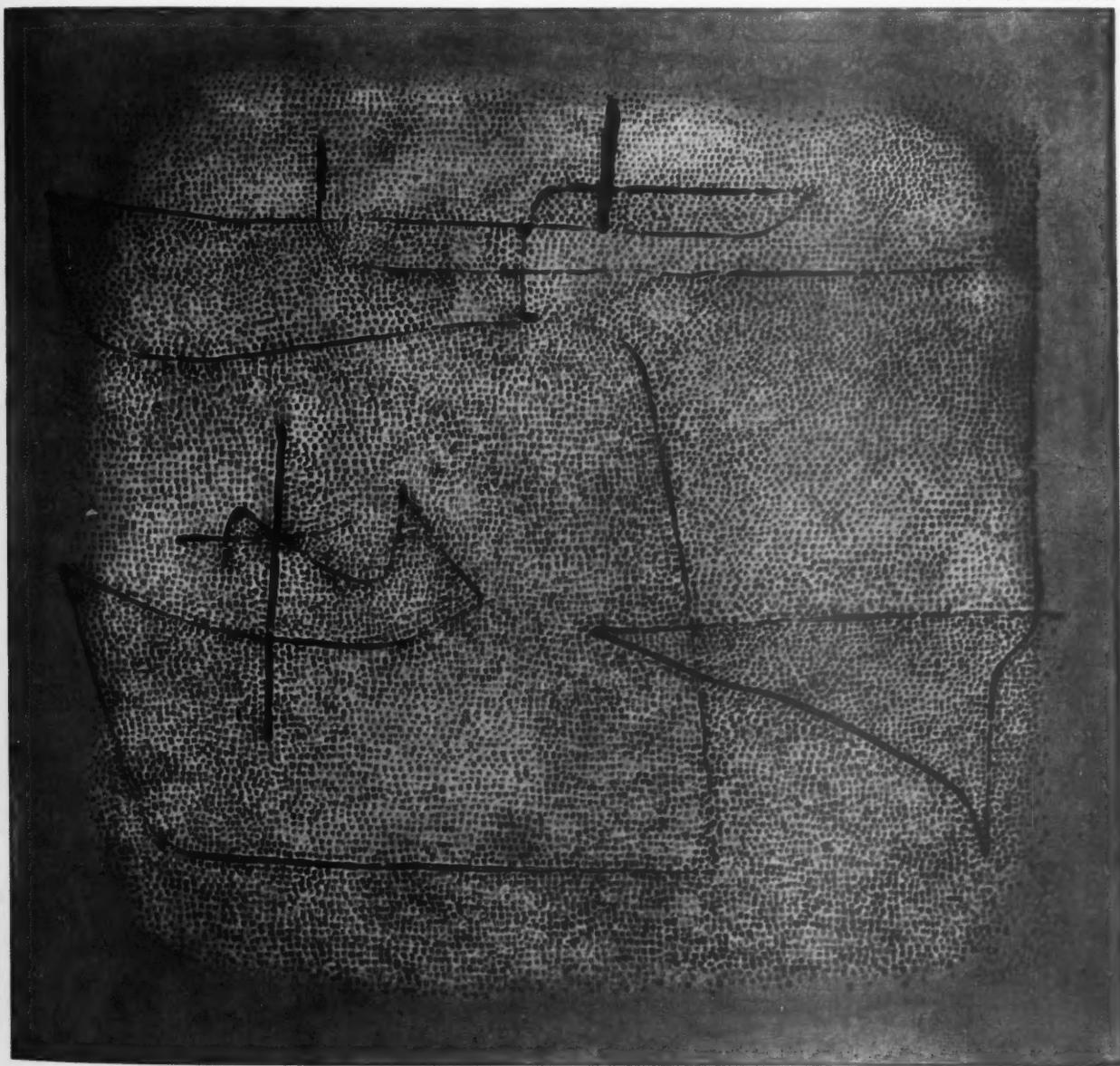
A distinguished Midwest assemblage makes its first New York appearance in a benefit exhibition at Knoedler's.

Left: Auguste Rodin, JOSEPH PULITZER (bronze portrait of the collector's grandfather). Below: Paul Klee, AT ANCHOR.

SELECTED from one of the most brilliant and comprehensive private collections of modern art in the country, that of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pulitzer, Jr., of St. Louis, a group of some seventy paintings, drawings and sculptures will shortly go on view at the galleries of M. Knoedler and Company in New York. The exhibition, presented for the benefit of Harvard University's Fogg Art Museum, will open with a formal preview on the evening of April 9 and will remain on display through May 4. At the close of its New York showing the Pulitzer selection will go to Cambridge for exhibition at the Fogg Museum.

It was at the Fogg, in the course of his education at Harvard, that Mr. Pulitzer (grandson of the famous founder of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*) conceived the enthusiasms that ultimately led to the forming of a superlative collection. He acknowledges a special indebtedness to Paul J. Sachs in the stimulation of his artistic interests. At Harvard Mr. Pulitzer acquired a solid acquaintance with the classics, an acquaint-

Courtesy Harry N. Abrams, Inc.



THE PULITZER COLLECTION

ance which he now values not only for the sake of the masterpieces of the past, but for its relevance to the art of today. "The competition of deservedly established and honored styles will often," he has declared, "disclose the feeble, the imitative and the undeserving, and will confirm and fortify the original, the articulate and the deserving." Mr. Pulitzer's attention is turned particularly to modern art, and this orientation of his interests is emphasized in a recent statement which constitutes a virtual credo: "The private collector's concern, I would suggest, is in the exercise of his capacity for recognition and discovery, the employment of maximum judgment, discernment and taste in his search for works of art as valid interpretations of contemporary life. Responsive to creative activity and sensitive to innovation, the collector today encourages creative composition which may be included as enduring works in the art inventories of tomorrow."

Though the present selection contains a drawing by Ingres, the Pulitzer Collection assumes its continuity with Monet's *Cliffs at Etretat* (1873), which introduces a sequence of oils

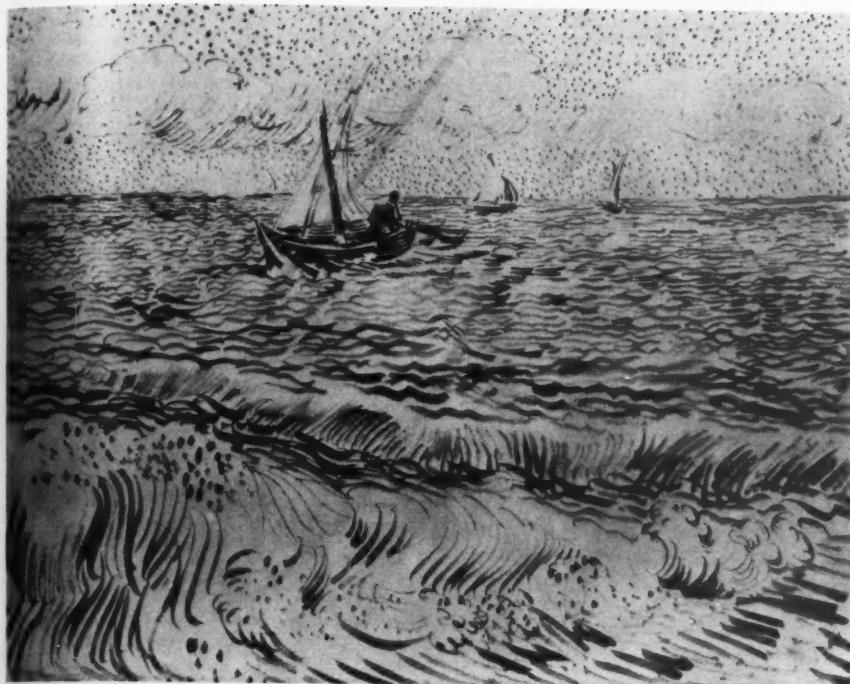
continued on page 38

Pablo Picasso, SEATED WOMAN.

Courtesy Albert Skira, Inc.



Amedeo Modigliani, HEAD OF A WOMAN.



Vincent van Gogh, View of Sainte-Marie.

Oskar Kokoschka, BIARRITZ.



THE PULITZER COLLECTION



perpetuating varied aspects of the Impressionist ideal—works by Pissarro, Cézanne, Vuillard and Bonnard. The Cubist period is represented by Picasso's *Landscape* (1909) and *Harlequin* (1918), Gris's *Self-Portrait* (1916), and Braque's *Still Life* (1917) and *On the Table* (1919). An early Matisse, *Bathers with a Turtle* (1908), was acquired by Mr. Pulitzer in 1939 at Lucerne, where it had been auctioned off by the Nazis as "degenerate" and unworthy of its former place in the Folkwang Museum at Essen. At the same time, and under the same circumstances, Beckmann's *The Dancer Zeretelli* (1927) was acquired, and came to join works by Kirchner, Klee, Kokoschka, Kollwitz, Lehmbruck, Nolde and Tchelitchew. The collection also includes examples by Dalí, Léger, Lipchitz, Miró, Modigliani and Rouault. But it is in the inclusion of extremely recent work that the Pulitzer assemblage differs from most collections in its genre, for it embraces paintings by Afro, Diebenkorn and Tomlin and sculpture by Callery, Marcks and Minguetti. With the acquisition of such works the St. Louis collector reveals his willingness to face "contemporary responsibility," a responsibility he has couched in the following terms: "If art collecting is to be meaningful, it must take up, in my opinion, the challenge of evaluating significance. The process of criticism . . . appears, for me, the only valid guide."

Above left: **Ernest Kirchner**, PINK ROSES. Below: **Henri Matisse**, BATHERS WITH A TURTLE.



ADJA YUNKERS

*Innovator in the graphic media,
he brings a notable contribution to another field
with the pastel paintings featured at the Fried Gallery.*

BY MARTICA SAWIN

ONE is not inclined, when visiting Adja Yunkers, to spend much time observing his surroundings. One's attention is compelled by the artist himself, by the stirring combination of gentleness and intensity, by the excitement he generates in whatever his conversation turns upon, whether art or anecdote. He has an immensely appreciative appetite for life, a desire to comprehend human experience on as many levels as possible. And one is soon aware as well of a sympathy and generosity of spirit that make his outlook essentially humanitarian, giving rise to the concern with fundamental human problems (and with humanity in its lighter aspects, too) which manifests itself in his current art, either overtly or as an undercurrent.

But the question immediately at hand is one of media, of a new departure evidenced by the work now on exhibit at the Rose Fried Gallery. What change of heart caused the drastic shift away from the woodcut, the medium in which his success had been without precedent, and on which his personal stamp is indelibly marked? "Perhaps I could no longer say what I wanted to in prints," he suggests; "for me the possibilities were exhausted, and I felt a need to do something else. I believe that there is no such thing as a minor medium—an artist seizes what is nearest him, instinctively grasps those materials which best cover his present experience."

The instinctive grasping of immediate materials is illustrated throughout his own career. At eighteen, as a penniless refugee in Hamburg, Yunkers collected discarded grease-stained food wrappers from the cafés and made drawings on them in ink with his fingernail—among them a series of prophets that today figures in the collection of the Hamburg Stadtmuseum. Years later the impression made on him by a piece of driftwood on a beach in Sweden led him to essay woodcut, and to carry out experiments which have done much to dispel the idea that the medium is a minor one. While he was in Rome two years ago, the sight of a few crumpled sheets of wrapping paper started him working with monotypes, in which he has developed effects never seen before. In the same way, in response to the demand for new work for a group show last year, he took up some pastels and suddenly found in them unsuspected possibilities. The result is the evolution of the new pastel paintings. However, unlike the many artists whose concern with technical innovation is unmatched by creative expression, Yunkers reveals his powers of invention, his gift for improvisation with materials, while engaged in finding the means which correspond to the urgent expressive needs of a particular moment. The means change as the artist's vision changes, but in each phase of his work the two appear to be in perfect balance and sympathy.

MOBILE, restive and susceptible in his work, Yunkers has led a life that suggests the same traits. He was born in Riga, Latvia, in 1900, and educated in Petrograd, or Leningrad—receiving what was hardly a formal education, but "drinking tea and arguing about life in the old Russian tradition." As an artist he is self-taught, though he spent long hours looking at paintings in the museums. In 1919 he found himself in Hamburg, without funds and with no knowledge of the language; he slept on park benches and drew on discarded scraps of paper until he found shelter and the means to paint his first

exhibition, which was held at the Maria Kunde Gallery in Hamburg. Everything in the exhibition was sold, and he was at last able to set off on travels which took him to Italy and Spain before he settled down in Berlin for a year. In Germany he knew Pechstein, Schmidt-Rottluff and Nolde, and he speaks of his work of this period as being heavily painted and in the German-Expressionist vein. He seems to have shared in that general sense of unease and anxiety which pervaded Germany at the time and which is so apparent in her art, music and cinema, and he stills speaks with horror of the misery he saw there during the inflation.

Restless and disturbed in Germany, he embarked on further travels which covered most of the European continent as well as North Africa, England, Mexico (where he learned the fresco technique from Diego Rivera) and Cuba, earning enough from the sale of paintings in one place to send him on to another. No place was too far—he was signed to work on a ship going around the world when the owner suddenly died—and no experience too rugged—he spent six months as a stoker in that hell below decks known as the boiler room—during those days when Europe labored in the aftermath of war and revolution. In 1928 he finally established himself in Paris, first in a workers' *banlieue*, then in a quarter closer to the heart of the intellectual and artistic life of the city, and here he stayed for ten years, closely associated with literary movements, occupied with poetry and the study of Eastern religions, and continuing to paint and exhibit.

The outbreak of the Second World War found Yunkers in Sweden, where he remained during the war years and where he left a marked influence on the development of the graphic arts. It was here that he brought home, almost by chance, the piece of wood which had caught his eye on the beach, brushed oil paint onto it and took impressions of it on paper. Carving on a block of wood followed, and soon he was immersed in the work which was to occupy him for the next fifteen years. From Frederic Prokosch, then cultural attaché at the American embassy in Stockholm, he heard of the Gobi Desert; the description lodged itself in his imagination, along with an account he had read of a plane crash, and emerged as the woodcut *Disaster in the Desert Gobi* (1943). Here one is struck by the bold, fluent carving which gives the print a forceful immediacy and directness, as well as by the image, the machine's end juxtaposed with nature's tenderest unfolding, the flames and foliage mingling indistinguishably, the sudden flash of light and the incongruity of the small birds as the sole spectators of the disaster. There is a certain kinship between this print and the gouache *Black Candle* of 1939, now in the collection of the Museum of Modern Art—not only in the vertical orientation and the boldness of the forms, but in the wealth of allegorical implications which make both works provocative and, particularly in the case of the latter, disturbingly ominous. While in Sweden, Yunkers, with two other artists, edited and published *Creation*, a journal printed by hand on newsprint, and the *Ars Portfolios*, containing original graphic work, both of which met with immediate success and a buying public eager to purchase the original works made available at low cost—a success contrasting with the apathy which greeted the original portfolios published by Rio Grande Graphics in this country.



Disaster in the Desert Gobi (1943), color wood-block print.



The Shoemaker (1951), color wood-block print.

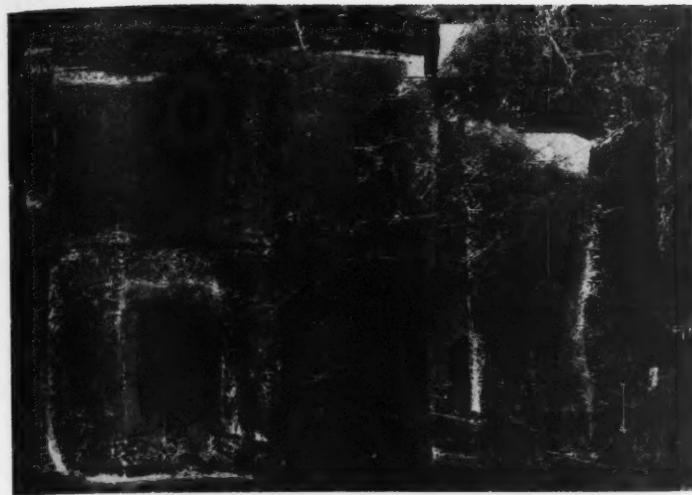
ADJA YUNKERS

a venture in which Yunkers strenuously participated.

Adja Yunkers' paintings and prints had preceded him to the United States when he came here in 1947; the dealer Kleemann had exhibited and sold his work, and the Museum of Modern Art had purchased his *Black Candle*. He arrived empty-handed, for a fire in his studio in Stockholm had destroyed the work of ten years on the eve of its departure for an exhibition in Paris. New York, where he taught at the New School for Social Research until last year, has been his headquarters for the past decade, with the exception of three years spent off and on in New Mexico, partly on a Guggenheim fellowship, and a year in Europe, 1954-55, on a renewal of the same fellowship. New Mexico with its harsh and dramatic landscape made a forceful impact on him, and he still speaks of it with a kind of awe as the "manliest and most merciless country" he has encountered. He recalls the building—with his own hands—of a house in the desert there with the tone of a man who has met a challenge worthy of his mettle.

Today, although he has become a United States citizen and his home is now New York, Yunkers seems more poised between travels than firmly rooted. One has the impression that a casual description of a place might suddenly capture his imagination and send him off to explore new territory. His present home is a pleasantly arranged loft which affords living and working space for himself and his wife, art critic Dore Ashton, a place at once comfortable and functional, with an air of serious purpose, yet also with a welcome for the many friends who visit them from a few blocks away or from across continents and oceans. Only the artist's new work is in evidence. Hundreds of worn-down pastel ends litter the table by the north window, and stacks of new pastels and bottles of fixative are close at hand. Yet tangible reminders of the near past when wood shavings rather than pastel dust covered the floor are provided by several large wood blocks which have been covered with glass and set on legs to make tables. Sitting nearby one cannot help observing how very beautiful these carved blocks are, and one realizes that, while it is the work at hand which is justifiably the consuming interest of the artist, his tremendous achievement in the graphic arts demands more than passing mention.

YUNKERS pushed the frontiers of the woodcut beyond anything previously realized, achieving a complexity and richness of color and an almost painterly textural quality, as well as a fluency and control, which make his prints unique. It is an illuminating experience to visit the Print Room of the Museum of Modern Art and examine the blocks and the proofs from six separate stages of printing for the sixteen-color print *The Birdlover* (1952), which enable one to see how some of his fantastically complicated effects are achieved. A master block establishes the basic arrangement of light, the flashing whites of the paper, and dark, a midnight blue, mottled where the block has been lightly scraped. The second block adds four colors (when a number of colors are printed from one block, the ink is applied with small rollers ranging from $\frac{1}{4}$ " to 3" in width); the third adds six, and the relationships between the colors begin to function while mat and glossy surfaces are created as the overprinting builds up certain areas. The layering and overlapping of the colors become more complicated as successive blocks are imprinted, until with the final block, which is black, the whole is unified by a dark shading which dramatizes the eerie head floating amid swirls of color and fluttering white shapes. All is done with masterly skill, from the vigorous cutting of the blocks to the last detail of the printing; yet one is struck by the absence of finicky touches sometimes observed in the best of craftsmen and by the total lack of any purely decorative solutions. While the composition of *The Birdlover* is based on the juxtaposition of small color areas, many of his prints of this period are dependent on linearity for their definition—swift arabesques of line which spin out interlocking figures superimposed on a multicolored ground, as in *Las Lolitas* (1952), or *Gathering of the Clans* (1953).



Ostia Antica (1955), monotype.



Right: *Ostia Antica IV* (1955), color woodcut.
Below: *Ostia Antica* (1955), color woodcut.



ADJA YUNKERS



Photo of the artist by Hugh B. Johnston.
Below: **Hot and Cold** (1956), pastel painting.

In *Composition 2/9/57* (the canvases are titled by their dates of completion), there is a softly brushed underpainting in ochre tempera which is worked over in ochre and yellow-toned pastels; a dark-green pinelike structure of blunted horizontal lines dominates one half of the painting, opposing a red rectangle in the other half, with horizontals flowing between the two halves at the base of the canvas and pointing to an enigmatic cipher in the lower right. The whole is suffused with a glow from within which shimmers through the velvet darks and opens out a vast, ambiguous space beneath the ostensibly flat forms. One's reaction to this painting is not the motor response summoned by most forms of abstract expressionism; the work imposes beyond a quickening of the senses, a feeling of intellectual straining to grasp a symbolism which suggests itself strongly yet eludes the intelligence, if not the intuition. The same is true of *Composition 10/7/56*, and of the large red, centrally divided canvas recently completed, *Composition II, 1957*. The tendency toward central division on a vertical axis is a provocative one, leading to speculation on implied dualities and dichotomies, but without insisting on close interpretation.

Other paintings may be related more directly to landscape; *11/9/56*, with its light-colored vertical bands arrayed in varying concentrations, vibrating with the ever-amazing quality of light which he has achieved, conveys the feeling of a close-up view deep into meadow grasses, while *11/24/56* suggests the forest's edge with the dark recesses of its somber portion played off against the bright openness of the sun-illuminated section.

Among the works in his present exhibition are a charcoal drawing and a pastel, *12/5/56*, in widely varying densities of red, both of which are based on a single composition and which have that quality mentioned above of conveying a remote symbolic connotation which tantalizes and eludes. That strange, disrupting configuration like the upthrust tail of a plane which



has nose-dived into the ground makes it impossible to enjoy these works on the level of visual satisfaction alone; it draws the cerebral processes into action, intriguing the imagination and baffling the mind. It is possible to read in this effect the persistence of idea in Yunkers' painting, the refusal of a mind so intensely active as his to abandon art to the realm of sensation alone, and the avowal that the drama of forms must contain the germ of the human drama.

Yunkers' contribution to art is multiple. His leadership in transforming, disciplining and revitalizing traditional media and his prodigious technical accomplishment have been widely acknowledged. But equally deserving of acclaim is the compelling spirit of the work itself, with its constant absorption in the transmission of all facets of experience. His art, now at its richest, transcends the tangible physical world and probes the realms of man's metaphysical being.

In 1953 Yunkers started work on what may be considered the climax of his printmaking career, a five-panel polyptych conceived in the manner of a Gothic altarpiece, and dealing with what he calls "*la condition humaine*," or the thesis which he has stated elsewhere that "the unit of man-woman is greater than the sum of the disasters which overtake them." The overall dimensions of the work are 14' by 3' 8", and the central panel, *Magnificat*, is a monumental print in fifty-six colors, 41" by 49", a work of grandeur in its brilliant color and rhythmic movement. Dealing with man as an idealized, collectivized whole rather than as an individual, the work in its avowed public dedication is unusual for contemporary America, where the prevailing spirit in art is of a distinctly private nature. His subsequent work abandons this optimistic, clearly stated position, becoming more subjective, more suggestive, less specific.

In the winter and spring of 1954-55 Yunkers and his wife established their ménage in Rome, and during this time his work underwent a marked change. In the ruins of an old port which the receding sea centuries ago left obsolete he found the inspiration for the *Ostia Antica* series of woodcuts and monotypes. The silent desolation of a place where human activity once engraved itself in stone, the desolation of ancient walls and worn pavings, is suggested in the serene arrangement of monolithic forms, in the melancholy quality of the light and color, the pale, moon-drenched whites, the shadowy ochers, the deep mauves brushing against blacks. One thinks of D. H. Lawrence's fascination with this region, of his description of "the grey black lava sand" on the tired and forlorn Etrurian coast from which the "smitten sea has sunk and fallen back."

Long absorbed by the associations of *Ostia Antica*, Yunkers one day took up some old crumpled sheets of wrapping paper, smoothed them out, rolled ink onto the smooth surface of a block and took impressions on the paper; then came more inking, blocking out areas with cut-out cardboard, and more impressions, until there emerged strange, dark monotypes on the theme of the ancient port. The wrinkles in the paper reinforce the antique, time-eroded aspect of the image. The blunted forms suggest mysterious presences akin to dolmens, guarding their age-old secrets and casting their spell over the landscape. Not only does this Roman work provide a transition in medium, a return to a more direct, more painterly way of working, but it reveals the transformation taking place in the artist's viewpoint, a shift from an externally oriented world of ideas and incident and specific experience to the preoccupation with a more personal vision and with the communication of perceptions which can be implied, but never wholly objectified.

Back in New York and casting about for the means suitable for the changing direction of his art, he hit upon pastels, drawing with them on canvas, using the broad, flat side of the pastel, pressed hard enough to crumble to dust, binding one application to the canvas with a fixative spray, then working over it again, building up multiple layers. The result: "paintings" whose space is established by overlay upon overlay of pastel, illuminated by the soft light captured beneath the transparent films of fixative. The spraying plays an important role, for the force of the spray disperses the pastel particles, softening lines, mottling colors, giving the whole a feathery softness.



Charcoal drawing (1956).



Pastel sketch for landscape (1956).



Charcoal drawing (1957); collection Donald Blinken.

Frans Hals, ANDRIES VAN DER HORN.

SAO PAULO MASTERPIECES IN NEW YORK

The art treasures of a growing institution figure in a major show at the Metropolitan.



Andrea Mantegna, SAINT JEROME.



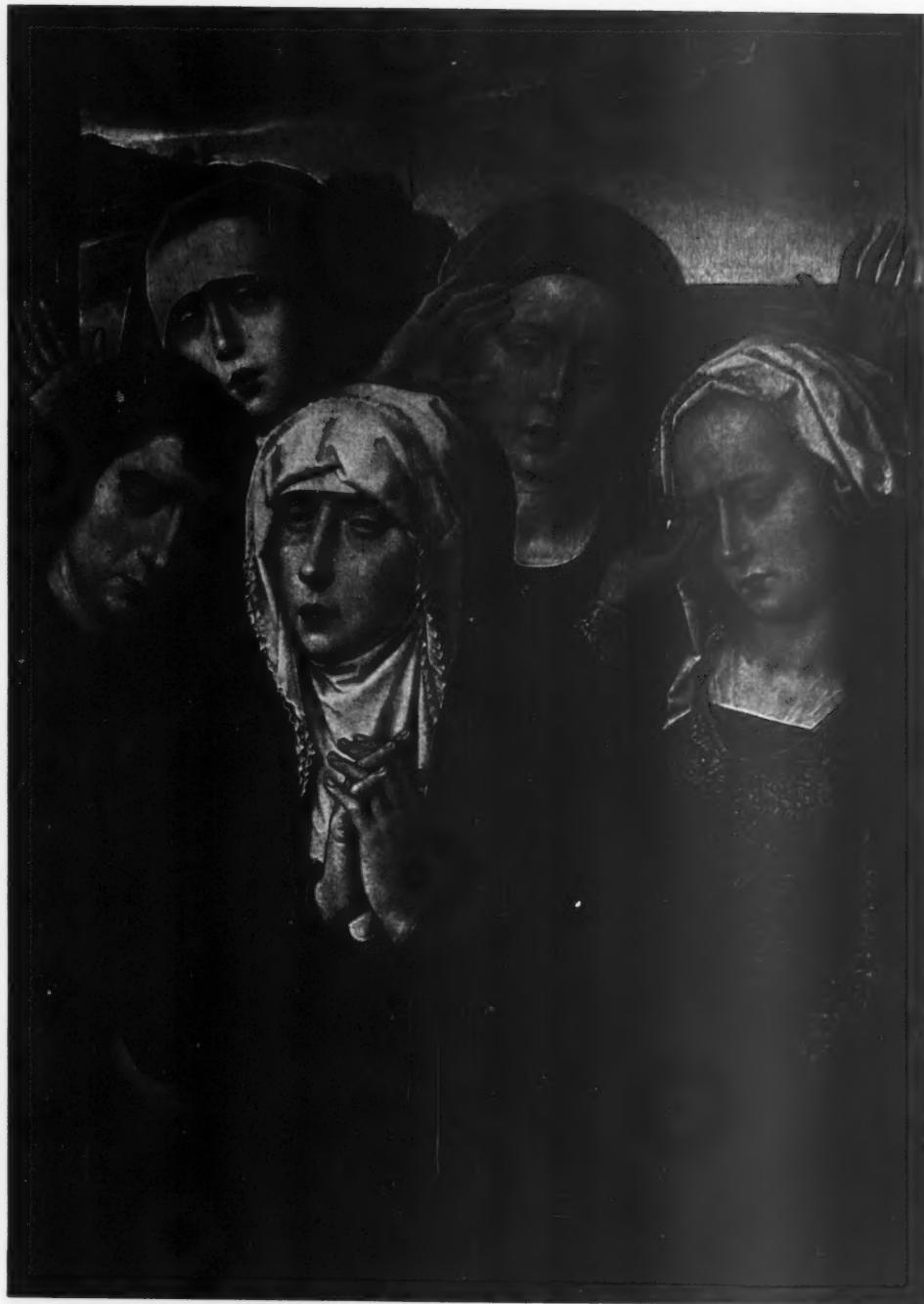
NEW YORK's Metropolitan Museum this month presents a show which ranks with the most noteworthy in the series of international loan exhibitions offered at the institution during the past decade—an assemblage of seventy-three masterpieces of European painting from the São Paulo Museum of Art in Brazil. Impressively installed in five galleries, the works will remain on display through May 5. The exhibition has been arranged by Theodore Rousseau, Jr., Curator of Paintings at the Metropolitan, and an illuminating catalogue has been prepared, in co-operation with the Metropolitan staff, by Professor P. M. Bardi, Director of the São Paulo Museum.

Brought together in the ten-year span that forms the brief history of the São Paulo Museum, the present collection is described by Mr. Rousseau as "worthy of the famous and time-honored museums in the great capitals of the world. Whether it be by Mantegna, Raphael, Holbein, Van Dyck, Zurbarán, Rembrandt or Poussin, each painting is exceptional among its author's works. The French eighteenth century, with its remarkable group of four royal portraits by Nattier, its enchanting Chardin and Fragonard, is represented by the best in each one of its extraordinary and varied facets. It is, however, in modern painting that the collection is strongest, and this is fitting since these are the schools that appeal most strongly to the taste of our time all over the world."

Works of the past hundred years include three Manets, five notable Cézannes and no less than eight Renoirs. Van Gogh, Gauguin, Toulouse-Lautrec and Monet are also represented with superlative examples. And from our own century come works by Vuillard, Matisse, Picasso, Modigliani and Soutine.

The amassing of this treasury of art is but one aspect of

continued on page 47



Courtesy, Wildenstein and Company.

Hans Memling, THE VIRGIN, SAINT JOHN AND THREE HOLY WOMEN. Forming half of a "Descent from the Cross" diptych, this oil panel admirably illustrates the tenderness and delicacy that are the special attributes of Memling—qualities that make him perhaps the most beloved of Flemish primitives.

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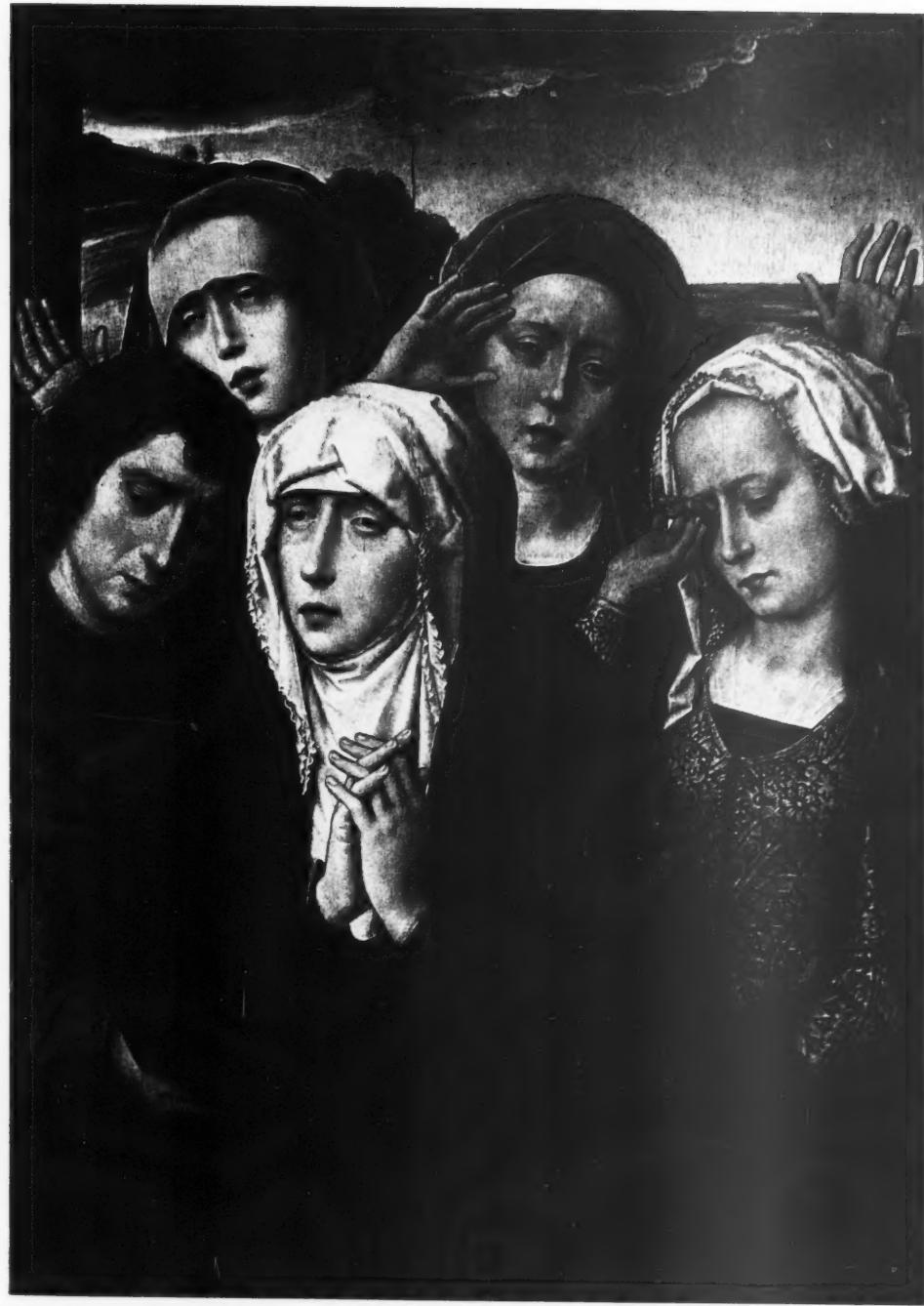


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SAO PAULO MASTERPIECES



Paul Cézanne. Right: PAUL ALEXIS READING TO ZOLA.
Below: ROCKS AT L'ESTAQUE.



Courtesy Wildenstein and Company



Vincent van Gogh. THE SCHOLAR (Camille Roulin).



Pierre Auguste Renoir. Left: Mlle MARTHE BERARD. Above: BATHER WITH A GRIFFON.

continued from page 44

the undertaking begun in 1947 when the São Paulo Museum was founded by Senator Assis Chateaubriand, owner of the Diários Associados chain of newspapers and radio and television stations. Conceived of as a center for the stimulation of all the arts, the museum formed the core of a program that was undisguisedly educational in its aims. Publicity campaigns carried on by the Diários Associados chain aroused a lively popular interest in the project, and were responsible as well for the contribution of large sums for the acquisition of works of art. In addition to its picture gallery, to which the public is admitted without charge, the museum includes schools of art and applied art, with courses in design, industrial design, engraving, sculpture, photography, cinematography, ceramics, graphic arts, weaving, and even landscape gardening. One exhibition hall has come to be associated with the now famous biennial international competitions, and another hall is devoted entirely

to exhibitions of work by contemporary Brazilian artists. One of the museum's publications, a quarterly with catalogues and monographs, is also dedicated to Brazilian art; the other magazine is a monthly bulletin of museum news. Public entertainments—concerts, plays, film retrospectives, ballet—are regular features of the annual program, and attached to the museum are various groups of which the Youth Symphony Orchestra is the best-known.

"If the limits usually identified with a museum have been considerably exceeded and at times the traditional spirit of this kind of institution abandoned, it is because the work it does is in a country where culture is alive and active," Director Bardi declares. "São Paulo's Art Museum, with its ambitious program of bringing together as much material as possible of the old and the new, will certainly be a fundamental factor in the future of our culture."

PAINTINGS
SCULPTURE
DRAWINGS



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BOOKS

GERMAN ART BOOKS

Two exhibitions—one, "German Books 1948-1956," very large, the other, "German Art Books," small, yet remarkable in its specialization and selectivity—are now touring the U.S.A. and demonstrating to the American public that Germany, or, to be more precise, the Bonn Republic, is again making a contribution to civilization. Among the twenty-four categories in the first show is one entitled "Bildende Kunst und Kunstmuseum." With 162 items, this section in itself is larger than the total "German Art Books" show, which lists 139. Both exhibitions include a number of fine large color reproductions of original paintings, ready to be framed.

In both exhibitions, the books are not under glass, but accessibly displayed on tables, so that the visitor may pick up and examine any volume that catches his fancy. This visitor, for one, was thrilled by the beauty of the art books, volumes comparable in appearance and scope to the best issued by Skira, Phaidon Press or Harry N. Abrams. In fact, some successful American art books, such as Carola Giedion-Welcker's discussion of contemporary sculpture, or Bernard Geiser's edition of Picasso's graphic art, are, but for an English text, identical with original German editions. On the other hand, the firm of Kohlhammer, at Stuttgart, one of the most active publishers of art books, has the German versions of Douglas Cooper's *Toulouse-Lautrec* and Meyer Schapiro's *Van Gogh* on its list.

The renaissance of the German art book dates from 1948, the year of the far-reaching currency reform. Gradually the millions of dollars poured into Western Germany helped launch an economic boom which, in turn, encouraged the growth of a large leisure class that can afford to buy expensive books and original works of art. Moreover, a phenomenon of the twenties reappeared: the self-taught worker with considerable cultural ambition who buys the books that are within his reach, borrows the others from *Arbeiterbuchereien*, and adorns his home with good prints of favorite masterworks. Judging by these exhibitions (and by my travels in the Bonn Republic), I can say that the proportion of art books is amazingly large, the intellectual level of the texts rather high, and the quality of paper, typography, binding and, above all, the pictorial material, excellent.

Postwar Germans are once again the great book buyers they were known to be a generation ago. In 1956 the Federal Republic produced 16,000 titles, or 4,000 more than the U.S.A. Per capita, Western Germany's consumption of books is about four times that of this country. Circulation figures are often fantastically high. *Knaus Lexikon der Kunst* sold over 200,000 copies, the American edition of this originally French book, published here as *Dictionary of Painting*, ought, by the same ratio, to have sold over 600,000 copies . . .

There are a few striking general differences between American and German books. Contrasted to the tendency (not necessarily whole some) to extravagant praise in the jacket blurbs,

* "German Books 1948-1956," Boston Public Library, April 15-30. "German Art Books," Southern University, Baton Rouge, La., April 1-22; Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill., May 5-26.

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and to give all the necessary, and many unnecessary, facts about the author, including a glamorous camera portrait (I refer not to popular novels, but to serious biographies and similar books), book jackets in Germany tell next to nothing about the author, and generally refrain from singling the volume's merits. Unlike the American reader who will not accept anything less than full-color reproduction (and often gets poor and false color for his pence), the German does not object to black-and-white photographs, usually rather faithful to a painting's tonal values. In the U. S. A., we see an alarming tendency to cut the explanatory text to a minimum, even as magazines have reduced reading matter and inflated the number and size of illustrations. Germans seem more willing to plow patiently through hundreds of pages, undeterred by footnotes that cluster as thick as blackberries.

On the negative side is the fact that German writers on art are often poor stylists. For one Jakob Burckhardt or Heinrich Woelflin (both Swiss, incidentally) who commanded a lucid prose, there are dozens whose sentences are overlong and cumbersome, and whose neologisms are awkward to the point of being unintelligible. Curious, too, is the frequent omission of an index, and the scattering of bibliographical references throughout the text, or their burial in footnotes.

Best of all is the cosmopolitan spirit, the One-World-mindedness of German authors and publishers since 1945, the very opposite of the Nazi attitude. The woodcuts of the Japanese master Hokusai; sculptures of an ancient temple in Epidaurus, Greece; ceramics, metalwork, bronze mirrors, jade, ivory, bone, glass, lacquer work and textiles of China; the art and architecture of ancient Egypt; Norman architecture in Sicily—these are just a few of the subjects discussed in lovely volumes.

In the books I examined I found none of the chauvinist appeal, the self-inflated nationalism that marred practically all the histories of art printed in the Nazi era. And so great now is the interest in the works of German artists who once were outlawed as "degenerate" that as many as four or five different books on Barlach, Beckmann, Klee, Macke and Marc were to be found on one table. Nor is Herwarth Walden forgotten: the anthology *Der Sturm* (Verlag Woldemar Klein), compiled by Nell Walden and Lothar Schreyer, brings back to us the critic and editor who, in the twenties, did more than any other to advance the authentic young geniuses of the Weimar Republic. Karl Scheffler's biography (Insel-Verlag) of the Impressionist master Max Liebermann, whose death was ignored by the Nazi press, appeared in its fourth and final version in 1953 (the first edition was issued in 1906).

From Munich (Albert Lange & Georg Mueller) come two important volumes, Max Beckmann's *Tagebuecher 1940-1950* and Oskar Kokoschka's *Schriften 1907-1955*. Beckmann's diaries, apart from shedding light on this enigmatic figure, also give an inkling of the hardships and vicissitudes in war-devastated Holland under the Nazi rule, and the rigors of rebuilding one's existence in the United States. Kokoschka's *Collected Writings* contain—in addition to fragments of childhood memories, short stories, poems,

plays and essays—quite a few references to the grim years from 1933 to 1945.

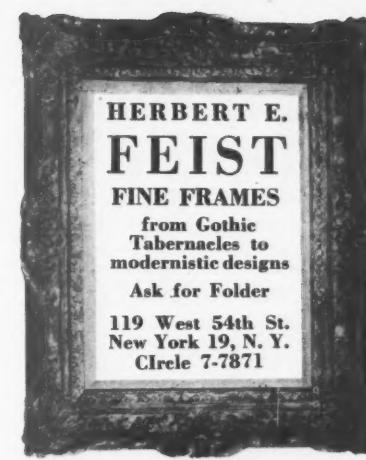
From *Ernst Barlach: Leben und Werk in seinen Briefen* (R. Piper & Co.) can be gleaned how even an "Aryan" artist who, unlike Beckmann, did not emigrate ("... in a foreign country one becomes a stranger to oneself—or . . . one dies of homelessness") was persecuted by the reactionaries of the Third Reich. "I am a man driven into a corner, the hounds at my heels," he wrote to a friend in 1937. "... I'd give anything for an enemy I could respect! Love your enemies? They've got to be worth it." In *Ade, Witboi* (Arani-Verlag) and other albums, George Grosz (now an American citizen) shows in drawings some astonishing and frightening parallels between the present day and the world that he criticized with lines of vitriol in the twenties. A gifted satirist also is Olaf Gulbransson, whose *50 Jahre Humor* (Fackeltraeger-Verlag) exposes the weaknesses of the past half-century, but keeps discreetly silent about the peculiar "versatility" of the artist who, up to 1933, had mercilessly caricatured the Nazi upstarts, then suddenly sought (and was received into) their favor, vilified the Weimar Republic and all it had stood for—and found it easy to come to good terms with Adenauer's Germany!

There is one deplorable gap that ought to be filled. While there are volumes, some very magnificent, on practically every period and region of art, there is not a single volume on the accomplishments of American artists. Some of our primitives are, however, represented in *Sonntagsmaler* (Verlag Ehlers), a collection gathered with the co-operation of the American dealer Otto Kallir, discoverer of Grandma Moses.

A special feature is the inexpensive hard-cover art book, very similar to England's King Penguin Books. Judiciously, these small books limit themselves mainly to drawings, woodcuts and engravings, from Dürer to Feininger, that can be reproduced without much loss of the artist's original esthetic intentions. Of these series, the well-established Inselbuecher, and the new Buchheim-Buecher, are widely sold in the United States at shops such as Wehle and Wittenborn in New York. Among soft-cover pocket books there are two in which the battle over modern art is once more fought out: whereas Leopold Zahn's *Kleine Geschichte der modernen Kunst* (Ullstein-Bücher) takes an open-minded stand on the phenomena of art since Kandinsky and Mondrian, Hans Sedlmayer, in *Verlust der Mitte*, (also Ullstein-Bücher) roundly condemns them as symptoms of moral and intellectual decay.

"Kunst ueben kann nur der Erkorene," a German poet wrote, "Kunst lieben jeder Erdgeborene." Freely translated, it may be stated as: "Art is created by the chosen few, but all may love art, even me and you." Postwar Germany may not have as remarkable a number of first-rate artists as were active in the good days of Bruecke and Blauer Reiter, of Sturm and Bauhaus, but, to judge by the wealth of these two exhibitions, there is ample opportunity given everyone to love and enjoy the art of the past and the present. In these volumes, *Gelehrtenfleiss*, *Gruendlichkeit* and good taste combine to carry the world's art even into homes far from Berlin, Hamburg and Munich.

ALFRED WERNER



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Emile Bernard, *LE BOIS D'AMOUR A PONT-AVEN* (1892).

MONTH IN REVIEW

BY HILTON KRAMER

FOR the opening event in its new galleries, the firm of Hirschl and Adler has presented a notable collection of works by Emile Bernard (February 20-March 23). Stimulated by the recent publication of John Rewald's *Post-Impressionism: From Van Gogh to Gauguin* (Museum of Modern Art, 1956), in which Bernard's central role in the crucial "Pont-Aven" period with Gauguin is recounted with meticulous documentation, the directors have brought together thirty-one paintings drawn mostly from this phase of Bernard's career (1886-93), along with a selection of drawings, watercolors and woodcuts. The exhibition—the first of its kind in this country—has thus afforded a more complete view of Bernard's curious achievement than has been possible before, not only in its historic aspect, which is now secure, but in terms of artistic accomplishment as well.

Bernard was not a great painter—but then, neither was Gauguin; if one wants to speak of greatness it is rather to Cézanne, among their immediate contemporaries, that one must turn. But both Bernard and Gauguin were endowed with prodigious artistic energies and with a very lively—in Gauguin's case, a desperate—interest in new ideas. (Bernard's desperation came later.) It is this absorption in ideas, his own as well as

others', which marks Bernard's career in this period and which, together with his youthful courage in trying to realize on canvas every inspiration of his provocative imagination, gives his paintings a force which makes them unique even where they fail.

It should be remembered, of course, that Bernard was at this time a young painter, and by this I do not mean "young" in its current usage—referring to anyone, young, old or middle-aged, waiting to be officially "discovered" and promoted—but in the older, literal meaning of the word: he was eighteen when he first met Gauguin (twenty years his senior) at Pont-Aven and only twenty-five when he painted the weird and lugubrious *Funeral of Vincent van Gogh* (1893), the picture which symbolically closes the period of his furious involvement. Moreover, it was in many ways a propitious moment for a young painter with a taste for radical artistic ideas. The Impressionists still dominated *avant-garde* practice, but the Impressionist style was losing its power to engage the deepest feelings of the generation which had been born to it—the generation of Gauguin, Van Gogh, Seurat and Lautrec. There was by no means any unity of feeling about what should be done to deliver painting from the weaknesses of Impressionism, but the dissatisfaction was deep nonetheless, and for temperaments like Gauguin's and Van Gogh's it was not to be assuaged by any new orthodoxy such as Seurat was creating with his pointillist technique. Bernard, the youngest member of this generation, was not unaffected by Seurat; he mocked and rejected Seurat's style, yet many of his pictures in this period

bear the oblique impress of the pointillist method all the same. But there was something in his native endowment as an artist—a directness of attack, a clumsy, flat-footed bluntness, and a really conspicuous lack of elegance—which forever barred him from the patient refinements and subtle intensities of Seurat's vision. Nor could Bernard ever quite make out of this blunt quality the kind of Cézanne-esque pictorial architecture he strained for in picture after picture.

What did emerge from this blunt personal quality in Bernard was a style of bold simplification and flat color, a style in which the nuances of Impressionism were eschewed for a more "primitive," cartoonlike design in which each form and color was given a direct, unmixed identity in the manner of the Japanese print. It was this style which Bernard had worked out with his friend Anquetin and which suited his own temperament so exactly—and which also suited the needs of Gauguin at a moment when he was trying to unburden himself of the influence of Pissarro, the master in whose style his painting first attained a mature finish. There can be no doubt that Gauguin owed Bernard an enormous artistic debt, yet there is also no doubt that Gauguin was better equipped ideologically, so to speak, to elevate the Pont-Aven style to the highest reaches of legend and romance. Older than Bernard, and a relative latecomer to the life of art, Gauguin made demands on art which art alone could not satisfy; his fatal quest for the "primitive" was, in a sense, the search for an experience equal to the style whose fundamentals were all laid bare in Pont-Aven. He went to Tahiti with a style in search of a subject, and history has rewarded the quest by unconsciously inflating the value of what was achieved there.

Bernard endowed the Pont-Aven style with no such legend. In fact, the Hirsch and Adler exhibition leaves one with the impression that he lacked a certain conviction about what he had achieved; in picture after picture he mixes this style with elements of Cézanne-esque modeling and with heavy, mosaic-like brushwork not always compatible with the feeling of his new premise. In *La Cafetière bleue*, for example, the outline forms of the objects are stark enough, and the color of the blue pot and the red pitcher is brilliant; but the burden of expressiveness still falls on the building-up of the myriad short horizontal strokes, each set down with a heavy, equal weight as by some master mason building a brick wall. It is as if a highly rational Van Gogh had decided to compose like Cézanne. The bold *Brittany Landscape* is closer to being a pure statement of the Pont-Aven style; in its solid areas of color and the harsh contours of landscape forms one is made to feel the extent to which Bernard exerted his whole artistic will in the effort to banish the Impressionist vision, and the exhibition underscores this point by showing one of Gauguin's Brittany landscapes, still conceived in the Pissarroesque manner, alongside Bernard's more radical composition. But his will was not always so steadfast in following through to its conclusions the logic of his new vision; more characteristic is a picture like *Le Bois d'Amour à Pont-Aven*, in which the main divisions of the canvas follow the cartoonlike forms of the Pont-Aven manner while the patches of color, built up in short vertical strokes, adhere more closely to a quasi-Impressionist style transformed by the blunt touch which was Bernard's personal signature.

Notwithstanding the uncertainty and vacillation which accompanied his daring, Bernard's own artistic identity makes itself felt all the same. His closeness to his contemporaries did not rob him of that; his work is never a mere pastiche, and it sometimes had a remarkable prescience, as in *Le Christ jaune* with its startling anticipations of Soutine. Altogether, the pictures in the Hirsch and Adler show represent a brilliant beginning to a career which was never fulfilled. Bernard lived to be seventy-three, but his achievement was unhappily limited to the Pont-Aven period. Was it a case perhaps of an artist whose very source of vitality—his passionate commitment to new ideas—was the thing which drowned his small native gift? Bernard's later career, so full of theorizing and writing and threshing about for styles and solutions, would lead one to think so.

AT THE Salpeter Gallery (March 25-April 13), Ben Benn is showing recent paintings together with some notable early works. It is one of the latter, the superb *Portrait of Velida* (1923), which dominates the exhibition, for this large composition is one of the great American portraits and a major work in the artist's canon. Moreover, it is the kind of painting which we might now have taken for granted (so effortless and unstudied seem its felicities of execution) were we not plagued on every side by the efforts of younger painters to pass off half-baked attempts at this sort of thing as something new—efforts that busily solicit, and receive, the acclaim of museums, critics and collectors. One is amazed that the museum bureaucracies continue to ignore Benn's considerable *oeuvre* in their annuals and biennials, their acquisitions, surveys and publications, when at the same time they display a positive desperation in trying to uncover something remotely suitable for their sponsorship. It represents one of those detours in official taste for which the future will not congratulate us.

The qualities which give this *Portrait of Velida* its high interest are so easily accessible to the eye and so immediately revelatory of a superior talent that one is slightly embarrassed at having to point to them. A larger-than-life seated figure (the artist's wife) is posed in front of a batik hanging; her marked Latin features, the high Spanish coiffure and the ample lines of the costume, whose folds and shadows join the arms and folded hands in an ensemble of painterly forms, are juxtaposed to the stylized regularity of the abstract batik design. There is thus a quiet drama of forms in the contrast of this regularized design with the painting of the figure itself; one notes in the latter the beautiful transitional passages which separate the arms and hands from the folds of the skirt as well as the careful modeling of the face in which the strength of each feature

Ben Benn, PORTRAIT OF VELIDA (1923).



MONTH IN REVIEW

is eloquently articulated. In the figure too there is a subtle formal regularity: the vaguely almond-shaped motifs which recur in the face, the hair, the bosom and arms and skirt, each yielding its regularity wherever the deportment of the brush requires it but at the same time tracing out those arcs of feeling which give one a sense of the passion which the artist has brought to his task. But it is not passion only which marks this picture; it is a work of great dignity, both in its craft and feeling, and we have not often seen the like of it in the quarter-century since it was painted.

The recent works which Benn is showing embrace a variety of the subjects which interest him most; there are landscapes and cityscapes, flower paintings, still lifes and marine subjects. The exhibition isn't large enough to show adequately the concentration which has been sustained in working out each conception, but it is sufficient to indicate the range of feeling which results from this concentration. There is nothing in the elegant juxtapositions of thin, almost watercolorlike values of *Red Roses*, for example, to lead one to expect the blunt, earthy, lyrical passages of *The Farm*; and in the latter there is only a suggestion (in the trees) of that painterly drawing with the brush—the pictorial calligraphy—which is the special pleasure of *The Village, Saddle River*. And none of these quite prepares the viewer for *Nocturne—Roof Tops*, whose dark cool color and vertical forms embody so beautifully the nocturnal feeling of city life—not the after-dark violence and squalor of the social realists but the impression of a romantic temperament whose natural habitat is still the mysterious city, with its night lights and silhouettes, whatever lyrical daytime excursions it chooses to make in the countryside. What one feels in all of these pictures is a sensibility committed to the objects of the world with a painter's eye, a talent in which the thing seen and the image conceived liberate each other in the act of painting.

THE Brooklyn Museum has opened its new galleries devoted to sculpture and watercolor with installations which show

off the amplitude of this new exhibition space to fine advantage. The sculpture gallery particularly—a wonderfully airy, two-story-high area on the fifth floor—boasts a sufficiency of space which should make confined Manhattanites envious.

Three recent acquisitions are on view in the sculpture gallery: Gaston Lachaise's magnificent *Standing Woman* (a second casting from the original plaster), Seymour Lipton's *Earth Forge II* and Luciano Minguzzi's *Contortionista II*. The Lachaise would dominate almost any exhibition, and its presence in the new Brooklyn installation has an almost shattering effect on everything else, making the Lipton seem fragile and unsubstantial and the Minguzzi arty. But several other works sustain themselves well enough: Blanche Dombeck's *Portrait of Joseph Lacasse*, which admittedly draws a good deal of its strength from precedents set by Brancusi, and Louise Nevelson's *First Personage*, whose strength is all its own. There are also first-class examples of Lehmbruck and Epstein.

On the museum's new sixth floor, in a large mezzanine gallery overlooking the center of the sculpture gallery, is a generous selection of Brooklyn's admirable watercolor collection. This is surely one of the largest watercolor galleries in the country, and the current installation reminds one of the treasures which Brooklyn can claim in this field. There is a large American section, which features eighteen works by Winslow Homer and thirteen by Sargent, and an international group which includes works from France, Germany and Japan.

The group of Winslow Homers inevitably make the most emphatic impression, not only because of their number but above all because of the artist's virtuoso command in this medium. Homer's genius as a watercolorist was fully acknowledged in his own lifetime, and it is a judgment nobody has wanted to reverse; it is an accepted part of our tradition. What is astonishing is the degree to which all the qualities for which Homer is famous—the stunning luminosities and transparencies, the superlative command of value, notwithstanding a fragility (even a weakness) in color, and his marvelous sense

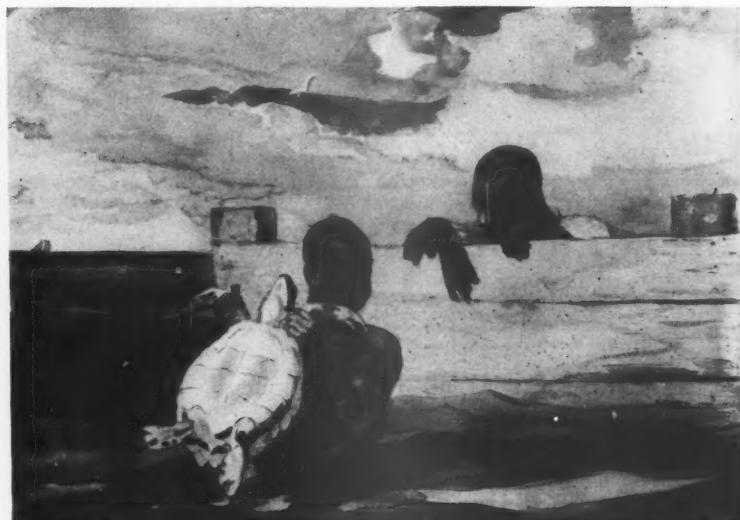
New sculpture galleries at the Brooklyn Museum; left to right: Luciano Minguzzi, CONTORTIONISTA II; Louise Nevelson, FIRST PERSONAGE; Blanche Dombeck, PORTRAIT OF JOSEPH LACASSE; José de Rivera, CONSTRUCTION—YELLOW AND BLACK; Seymour Lipton, EARTH FORGE II.





Paul Signac, THE PORT OF SAINT-TROPEZ.

Winslow Homer, THE TURTLE POUND.



Thomas Eakins, WHISTLING FOR PLOVER.

of place—still retain their power to shock us into a complete involvement with his vision. It may be the sheer dazzlement of the craft which first attracts us to the work, but it is an artistic power which sustains our attention, a power that obviously derives strength from an American ingenuousness which seems to pervade the work of Homer's compatriots too. One sees it in Eakins' excellent *Whistling for Plover* and in Twachtman too—that innocent directness which delivers the artist's feelings immediately to his subject with a minimum of programmatic intervention. In Sargent no such ingenuousness ever existed; his achievements as well as his corruption can all be traced to his European sophistication. His watercolors, so knowledgeable in their delinquencies of form, so cunning in their spontaneity, are a part of the corruption; whether they are lush or merely flaccid, one senses something gone rotten in them.

In our time there have been American painters who have sought to retain this ingenuous quality, but it has become harder and harder to maintain in the thickening cultural tex-

ture of American life. Marin made perhaps the most single-minded effort, and Milton Avery has made a similar attempt—there are fine examples of their work too in the Brooklyn show—but not without becoming more and more involved in the European dialectic. For Marin, in the end, it struck a false note, although it was the premise which supported his work at its best.

This nineteenth-century American innocence—which in the end comes down to an innocence of ideas—is thrown into relief by the presence of some European painters in the same gallery. Signac's watercolor, *The Port of Saint-Tropez*, for example, comes to us not only in its own name but virtually shimmering with that prodigality of ideas which has characterized French artistic life for the last century. Its sophistication is immense, but not overbearing. Its vitality is undiminished by it. Seeing the Signac and Homers side by side, one is made to realize again how deeply an artist becomes implicated in his milieu. Though done in the same medium, their works represent vastly different worlds.

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MARGARET BREUNING Writes:

A broad diversity in the Contemporary's Midseason Retrospective . . . the new freedom and subtlety in Sievan's oils . . . a brio in two shows at the New Gallery . . . Becker's gift for penetrating characterization . . .



Maurice Sievan, PROVINCETOWN HARBOR; at Passedoit.

THE Midseason Retrospective at Contemporary Arts indicates, as usual in these showings, that there is no *parti pris* in the selection of the works exhibited, for there is a wide range of ideology in the more than thirty items. This diversity in a high average of attainment forms an interesting show. Among the outstanding paintings, Margit Beck's *The City*, its impinging planes of light and color effecting a vibrant quality, conveys an inescapable impression of the humanity sheltered within the forms. A canvas by George Allston may be said to be unusual at this moment in its evocation of a poetic mood; the landscape, escaping any literalism in its free-flowing brushing, presents a romantic tribute to natural forms. *Imperial*, by Tom Clancy, suggests the conclusion of a fugue, its opalescent arcs harmonized in a final resolution of its polyphonic elements. William Chaiken shows two canvases, a recent and an earlier one, the newer painting revealing how much his work has matured in its difficult evolution of an idea without impairing the artistic congruity of design; his color remains both brilliant and consistent. Twardowicz in his No. 17 daringly portrays the empyrean, indefinite space sustaining sinister cosmic upheavals. Joseph Gaultieri's *Bottles* is a witty conceit, ably carried out. *Dawn*, a sculpture in Italian marble by Lily Ente, suggests that its rhythmic flow of planes is conditioned by some inner compulsion. Winslow Eaves' sculpture, *Nude*, is a skillful abstraction of the human form. It is seldom today that one sees such superb craftsmanship as that displayed in Stephen Csoka's figure drawings, in which the trained hand appears to respond directly to the artist's conceptions. Nor do these figures convey a cold, classical perfection, for they are vibrant with both physical and inner

life. Other noteworthy items are canvases by Jeannette Genius, Joseph Domareki, Eina Lunden, Eli Zimmer, Martha Visser Hooft, Emma Ehrenreich, Florence Kawa and Alfred Stromfeld. (Contemporary, Feb. 18-March 15)

PAINTINGS by Maurice Sievan at the Passedoit Gallery include both early and recent canvases. All of his work is marked by delicate adjustments of tones, richness of texture and an ability to subordinate detail to broad statement. Out of such unpromising material as a suburban street he has often created a persuasive vision through the skillful breaking up of light planes and the harmonizing of linear pattern with the plastic design. He has never been guilty of sentimentalizing such subjects, but through sensitive perception of the relations of shapes and forms and the variation of textural surfaces has found an appealing pictorial idea. In his more recent canvases his handling is freer, forms are less explicit, subjects more broadly developed with what may appear to be casualness but which is in reality a knowing subtlety. A single color key is usually sustained throughout these canvases in varied modulations, as in *Seascape*, in which an agitated sea and a broken sky seem to repeat the same notes of lucent blue. *Nocturnal Landscape* seizes the aura of twilight before real darkness shuts down, enveloping a village scene in a limpidity of low color. No light flash in windows, no sunset glow is in the pellucid sky, only a definition of contours through a diaphanous veil. Something of the same effect is gained in *Trees*, in which a pale light appears between the closely set tree boles. Other excellent paintings include *Provincetown Harbor*, *Retreat* and *Porch Arabesque*. (Passedoit, March 18-April 6.)

PAINTINGS by E. Powis Jones, at the New Gallery, seem to radiate the gusto of the artist for his work. In such a canvas as the interior scene of the artist and a child enjoying a snack together, it is this *con brio* that lends animation to the whole design. Occasionally inspiration seems to lag, as in the rural-sized *Beach Scene*, a straggling sort of composition. There is none of the frequent head-pedaling in *Fallen Bird*, handled with refinement of color and able placing of subject on the picture plane. Another concentrated design, *Chair*, shows a white wrap thrown over a red-cushioned chair against darkened windowpanes. The source of light that creates a shadow on the floor is a mystery, but an effective one. The group of watercolor drawings is a delightful inclusion, in which spontaneity counts heavily, as well as fitness of handling and an admirable choice of color patterns. The ability to omit the unessential marked in all these papers. (New Gallery, March 26-April 15.)

Another artist, Kanemitsu, is also holding an exhibition of oils and watercolors at this gallery. It is all highly decorative work, large areas of resonant colors set off by intercalations of heavy blacks. Some of the canvases are virtually "action paintings" in their vehement attack upon the picture plane and in the impression they give of continuing beyond the limiting frames. An example of this technical approach is *Phantom*, a towering bright, in which kaleidoscopic areas of brilliant color and lustrous black seem to move up to the top of the canvas, setting the whole design in vibrancy. Yet, however much *matière* is exploited, the image is not obscured. The series of insect paintings are especially appealing abstractions, in which sharp linear patterns thrust through finely adjusted color harmonies. (New Gallery, April 15-27.)

Maurice Becker's paintings reveal his long training as an illustrator in the discipline of his line and in his ability to seize the essentials of his subjects. His gay carnival scenes, rich in color, are held to sound design, details contributing directly to the totality of the composition. His gift for penetrating characterization is apparent in all his figure pieces, conforming bodily gesture to mental habit. In the Mexican subjects this gift is especially apparent, securing an intensity of personality, yet with sobriety of statement, escaping the superficial romanticism so frequently shown in paintings of these exotic subjects. In some landscapes of New England he has set his palette in a different key in cool, lucid notes of sea and sky and natural forms. (Hartert, April 1-May 4.)

Maurice Becker, MAYAN WOMAN; at Hartert.



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IN THE GALLERIES

Recent American Acquisitions: Continuing its exhibition of new acquisitions—the European selection was held earlier in the season—the Museum of Modern Art has now installed the recent American additions to its collection. A number of the pieces would seem to be quite obvious choices for the Museum to make, good works by artists of well-established reputations—most notably, Stuart Davis, Motherwell, De Kooning—and from among these, particular works, which, like the Davis *Salt Shaker* (1931), aside from their individual merits, may have a certain relevance in the development of recent painting. (For a pertinent discussion of the Davis painting, see David Sylvester's article, ARTS, December, 1956.) Of this group, the Motherwells, particularly *The Voyage* (1949), and the De Kooning *Woman* (1952), one of his now famous series, represent the most agreeable choices. The Tomlin, *In Praise of Gertrude Stein* (1950), though certainly beautiful in its contrapuntal black and light green notations against an earthy green ground, gives one an uneasy sense of being an extremely competent piece of decoration. Of the sculptors who would similarly be included in the category of the well-established, there are good pieces by Moholy-Nagy and Max Ernst. The most curious piece is the Gaston Lachaise *Knees* (1933), in marble. A part of the body cut off at the thighs and joining its pedestal at about the calf of the leg, it creates an admirable tension between an abstraction that one would associate more with Arp than with Lachaise and what it actually is, a part of the body that recalls and predicates the entire figure.

The selection of more recent reputations includes a wide variety of works and talents—Marca-Relli, Pierre Clerk, Robert Kabak, Wolf Kahn, Joseph Glasco, Gandy Brodie, Helen Frankenthaler—a number of them artists who have been shown at the Museum itself within past seasons. The work of the two sculptors, Seymour Lipton and Raoul Hague, both of whom were shown in the Museum's "Twelve Americans" exhibition last summer, was, for this viewer, the most impressive. Lipton's piece, *Sanctuary* (1953), in nickel-silver over steel, is a budlike

enclosure of overarching petals that create a sense of privacy and safety at calm center. The two Hagues, *Chayo Wormy Butternut* (1947-48) and *Plattekill Walnut* (1952), are beautifully worked pieces: the first a tall, slender torso that seems to swell upward from the twin stems of the legs; the second, a more abstract piece, its polished curves meeting dramatically sharp angularities.

Not the least interesting feature of the exhibition is the number of Latin American artists represented. Gonzalez Goyri's *Wolf's Head*, in bronze, though small, is masterfully done, and the Bermudez collage, *Microflora*, is a work of striking and immediate visual impact.

One can make, I think, some specific criticisms regarding particular works; the Brooks painting does not seem so impressive as a number that are on view in his current show; and David Smith, though his *Twenty-four Greek Y's* is an ingenious piece, might have been more substantially represented. (Museum of Modern Art, March 13-April 2)—J.R.M.

Reuben Tam: There are no grays to be seen anywhere comparable to those in which Tam renders the ocean expanses and coastal severities of his poetic seascapes. His grays are tinged with the palest of pinks and yellows and faint greens on their surfaces, their depths reveal dark blues and blacks and violets; they become an ocean whose hidden caverns are glimpsed beneath a "sea surface full of clouds." Tam is one of those painters who, by restricting their focus to a single cherished phase of nature, achieve a profundity and richness in their works which rewards the concentration of their efforts. He explores the multiple relationships of water, rocks and sky, always preoccupied with effects of light, as it is reflected in the shifting water, or as it changes with different times of the day, leaving the side of a cliff in darkness as the sun sets or illuminating the horizon with streaks of light as the dawn encroaches on the darks of night. *Ocean Morning* is an unusually large painting for this artist, and its view is a particularly expansive one across a broad path of light beyond the still, night-shadowed shore to

the white sky of early morning. Small oils on gesso panels lack the grandeur of the larger works and tend to be calmer and more composed, with a diminishing of the vertiginous quality which pervades much of his work; they are equally intense in their attempt to approximate nature in both structure and mood through the heightened perception and thorough knowledge of his subject which the island-born Tam brings to his work. (Alan, March 26-April 13)

—M.S.

Elie Nadelman: In the figureheads, weather-vanes and occupational effigies of the American folk, the late Elie Nadelman, of Poland, found inherent the terms of his art. The selective exhibition at Hewitt is sufficiently choice to give a fair cross section of that art, sculpture in wood and bronze. (Drawings are also on view, principally sketches for the sculpture, but some autonomous, and all adroit.) Under Nadelman's hand, the stiffness of the artisan's carved figure became quietude, the static vitality, grace. With the wood sculptures, especially, Nadelman worked for domes and curves, for co-ordination of all secondary characteristics into hermetic rhythms; by eliminating joints, and often the feet and hands, he conserved a generalized contour which has a humorous passivity. Adding white paint to the reddish wood, sometimes roughing it down, he produced a further effect of old terra cotta, its incongruity with the subject a central source of the fun. *The Circus Girl* is one of the best of these; for all the near caricature of her hourglass bust, her pertly jutting behind and the upswell on her head, she has the dignity of a goddess. Among the bronzes at Hewitt, the small dark bulls with melodiously slender legs and powerfully planed bodies are as impressive as ever, and *The Hostess* (with white eyes), one foot advanced, profile turned intently so that the "pony tail" becomes a solid rippling apex of the alert stance, has a bizarre elegance. (Hewitt, April 8-27)—V.Y.

Gauguin, Rodin, Brancusi: Madison Avenue's newest emporium of the fine arts, World House, seeks so self-consciously to create a viewing experience, with leaning walls and a babbling stair well, one might suspect that such an unlikely trio as Gauguin, Rodin and Brancusi have been brought together in a manner similarly confused. In fact, this is not the case. All architectural pretensions aside, the works of art, in

Gaston Lachaise, KNEES (1933); at Museum of Modern Art.



Reuben Tam, MANANA ISLAND; at Alan.



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being particularly unassuming, make the opposite point. Here are leaves from Gauguin's sketch-book of 1883; a cluster of horses' heads, an old woman sewing, his wife, his children and himself, in charcoal and pastel, are intimate and candid, even as the contours are asserted ever more intensively and the effects of the lamplight around his wife's head are unresolved. The ensemble (twenty-six pages) is an intimate journal telling of the emerging seriousness of his hand immediately before his break with this whole environment to go to Brittany. Of Brancusi, there are twenty examples of graphic study from a period (1920-23) surging with an unquiet originality: drawings of hand and forearm and female heads all governed by encompassing curves and forward thrusts. And suddenly there are larger gouaches on canvas, a succession of busts—a long-lost Rumanian odalisque who has not been seen before in these parts—at once flat and modulated in active planes. The lady is cast in the mold of long-nosed African sculpture, but her high-circled hair like a headdress, and her white face—in one instance green eyes, in another, a turn of the head—are marked by a lasting magenta radiance. Of Rodin, fifteen bronzes are shown, including the large *Three Shadows* and *The Cathedral*. (World House, March 28-April 28.)—S.B.

Esteban Vicente: There is an almost audible catching of the breath as the visitor enters a gallery set aglow by the vibrant squares of color implanted in the center of Vicente's soft gray canvases. Rarely does a one-man show so effectively establish its own ambience, an achievement due in part to the particularly suitable space and lighting, in part to the pervasive grays which provide a unity of color and to the consistent quality of the light which emanates from the paintings. There are infinite gradations in color and texture to be observed in his grays alone; the paint is worked over and over in a gradual build-up process in which the varying widths of the brushes and the dexterity of the strokes play an important role as they are applied in rhythmic undulations or in staccato touches, contrasting with areas in which the paint is buttered on with a smooth, satiny finish. Against the flickering grounds are placed flat, squarish shapes whose colors are red, pink, pale yellow and darker grays, arranged in groupings of three or four in such a way that their equilibrium on one place is offset by the tension between their tendencies to emerge or recede, and this gentle

interplay of forces is enhanced by the minute variations in the color which animate the whole. Although many interpretations are possible for these paintings—a pertinence to the structure of space, or an approximation of relationships in nature or human life in the relationships of the squares—the paramount concern of this work is simply the delectation of the eye through the sumptuousness of the paint and the carefully calculated charms of color and light. (Fried, Feb. 25-March 16.)—M.S.

Day Schnabel: White Carrara marble, yellow Siena marble, Belgian granite; solid stones 20" in height; a plaster cast of a fountain in Paris, 6'6" in diameter; small space-enfolding bronzes, spot-welded in wax, and cast by the lost-wax method—this sculptor's work is so purely abstract, so austere, so sensuous, and every piece so original, that one scarcely knows where to begin. The works in stone are elegantly compact. Some have a severe geometry that reduces architectural shapes to a human scale. *The City* is the most austere: its stark cone and related blocks have the impact of much greater weights; its severity is frightening, its beauty shattering—how could one dare to handle a tower? *Transformations*, in yellow Siena marble, transforms planes into curves, a solid block (felt but not seen) into two rounded cheeks breath-takingly arrested in a front central space by a narrow vertical plane of marble, thin, sheer, and smooth, and geometrically divisive. Equally elegant and compact, *Retold*, in white Carrara marble (it has also been cast in bronze for one patron), has a front form of half-rounds and curves that is perfectly a part of the triangular solids that back it up. The plaster cast of the fountain, slightly taller than a tall man, has a spherical mass as porously dense as an elegantly clipped bush. Triumphantly baroque, it is a shell of wide, sensuously curved and modeled leaves of plaster that in the original provided an interior network of tunnels; the replica will—we were told—in this exhibit have another sculpture inside it, and light instead of water. The bronzes too show traces of the sensuous baroque, despite their evident modernity. They are small displays of perpetual motion. And if the strips, and bands, and tubular gates, the wide, flat twists of metal, create a sense of the continual opening and closing of space, yet the bronzes too have a certain compactness. Utterly different as they are from the stones, one senses the displacement of a definite volume.

And here too, one's attention is sometimes caught by the shattering beauty of a particular part—a strip curled as delicately as an unfurling leaf; a bronze twist cupped as sensuously as the pupil-heart of some flower. (Parsons, April 2-20.)
—E.P.

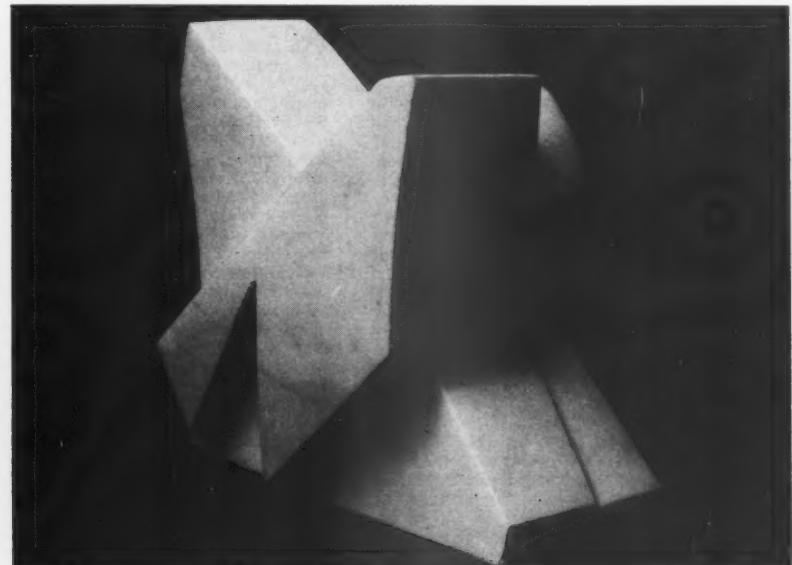
Young Americans: Both the Whitney and the Jewish Museum are currently showing paintings by large groups of "Young America." Twenty-three painters, artists of the "New York School: Second Generation," are represented at the Jewish Museum; twenty-four painters and six sculptors, *under thirty-five*, at the Whitney. But despite similarities of style, technique, method and influences, and though one out of two painters shows in both, these two exhibits are not at all alike. At the Jewish Museum the paintings have been selected and hung in a manner calculated to maximize the viewer's comprehension and pleasure. Abstract-expressionist works, experimental collages, are distributed among works of similar emotional intensities and visual techniques, in which, however, more definitely figurative, landscape, or still-life elements have been introduced. One can note but a few. Of the larger paintings, Gandy Brodie's *Drawn toward the Stars* is expansive with midnight blues in a blue-black ground, sensuously brushed, the dark sky-area vibrant with tiny spots of light; Helen Frankenthaler's *Early Summer* is an explosion of soft brightness (totally abstract); and Grace Hartigan's *Grand Street Brides* has pathos and subtlety, a somber vision suddenly enriched by luminous falls of color in the bridal gowns of the six lifelike manikins posed in the window. And among many other interesting works, there are fine abstractions by J. Mitchell and Goodnough; still lifes by Pasilis and Brodie; collage by Follett and Jasper Johns (*Target in Green*, one color and as textural as the papery feel of a hornet's nest); a mosaic of color, *Landscape with Figures*, by Jan Muller; the *Garden of Eden* by Liza Shapiro, fanciful and moving in its subdued expressionism; and the variegated hues of a Wolf Kahn interior with a standing figure, *Self-Portrait*. Varied in style, size, theme, and subject matter, this is a very illuminating exhibition.

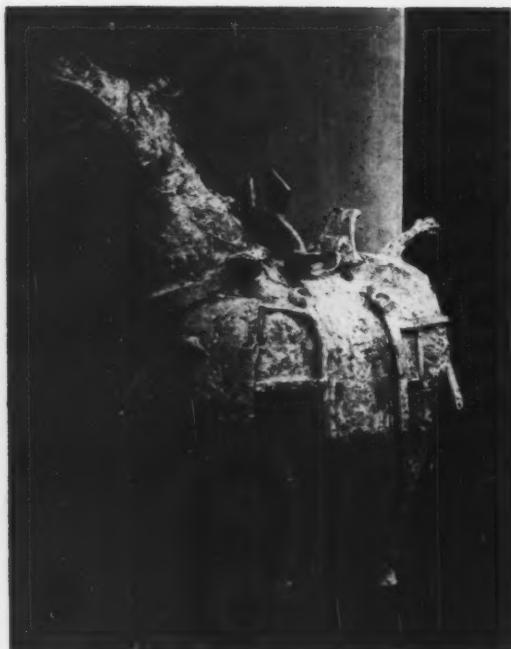
At the Whitney there are so many huge can-
vases, belonging to such different realms of
thought and feeling, that visiting the show is
like wandering through a floor of rooms with
the doors left open, where in one room a sym-

Constantin Brancusi, HEAD; at World House.



Day Schnabel, SCULPTURE; at Parsons.





Fred Farr, ARMORED HORSE NO. 2; at Rosenberg.



Alfred Russel, THE THREE NIVERNaises; at Duveen-Graham.

phony orchestra is playing Beethoven, in another Brahms, in another Handel's *Messiah*, in another *Peter and the Wolf*, etc. Emerging from the elevator on one floor, one is met with Michael Goldberg's fine action painting, his *Red Sunday Morning* with its clean sweeps of linear paint, its energetic development of form; on the other floor by Jack Wolfe's heavily colored, turbulently abstracted imagery, a *Crucifixion* with a cross plank stretching across three panels. Among the abstractions, one notes Angelo Ippolito's brilliantly soft color masses; the amorphous airiness of Helen Frankenthaler's color films; the studied luminous severity of George Muller's dark flats; the structural action and texture in John Levee's work; and the emotionally articulate line drawing over organic splotch shapes in some of Carmen Cicero's. Notable too are Gerald McLaughlin's metallic three-dimensional fantasies, one with a reef composed of fragments of miniature robots—globular helmets, tubular eyes, claws, teeth; Aubrey Schwartz's satirical distortions, ink drawings of *The Man Who Lost His Strength*, of the man forced to his knees in *The World Loves a Winner*; and the expressionism in Jonah Kingstein's work, particularly in his old man, blanket-wrapped in a wheel chair, and in two fantastically textural images, one of a tiered cake in a pastry window, the other *Pig Heads on a Silver Tray*. The sculpture, perhaps because there is less of it, is more easily sighted and seen, despite the opposition between Richard Stankiewicz's welded machine parts and junk, provocatively figured, and Elbert Weinberg's religious procession in sheer white plaster; between the rotund taut bellies and legs of Paul Frazier's *Two Dogs Fighting* and the baroque arabesques of whipped plaster in Raymond Rocklin's *Font Fantastique*, not to mention the sophisticated primitivism of Jack Squier's totemic bronzes. This is the first in a series of exhibitions the Whitney has planned to give a major showing to maturing talent, to artists who have won a local but not yet a national reputation. (Jewish Museum, March 7-April 15; Whitney Museum, Feb. 27-April 14.)—E.P.

Fred Farr: The past promotes some rich developments in Farr's recent sculpture. Among the several pieces that were available at reviewing time, one found historic references in the Etruscan-thin, helmeted *Standing Figure*; in the bulky *Armored Horses*, with their references to ancient Chinese sculpture, and in the group of small *Warriors* with their Medieval Japanese armoring. The work itself in each case is exceptionally beautiful, cast in bronze with varied

patinas; and there are even some humorous implications as in the small *Warrior*, a thin stick of a figure bodied forth simply by its helmet and gorget, its shoulderpiece and skirt. The most elegant piece perhaps is the *Armored Horse No. 2* (twenty-six inches high), the massive bulk of the body set on firm, gracefully tapered legs, the simplicity of its basic figure broken by wonderfully shaped accents in the bit, breastplate, saddle and breeching. The whole piece is finished in a richly encrusted lime-green patina. As a demonstration of the sculptor's ability, the exhibition is a fine success: varied in its statements, remarkable in the quality of its workmanship and marked by a hard masculine grace which makes itself felt in each piece. Four additional works, unfortunately not available in time for review, will also be on exhibit. (Rosenberg, April 8-May 4.)—J.R.M.

Alfred Russel: An adherent of the severer strains in art, both in the abstractions of seven or eight years ago and the figurative paintings of the present day, Russel has affinities with those painters—notably Balthus, Delvaux, De Chirico—whose attachment to the object world is dictated by the subconscious rather than the conscious. Bored with the fuss over "abstract" vs. "realistic," Russel paints "realistic" paintings more "abstractly" than many abstract artists. For example, his women are not the flesh and blood creatures so intensely portrayed by "abstract" painter De Kooning: objectively correct in every respect, they remain lifeless marble busts, remote and inaccessible, with fixed, immobile expressions. The nudes are posed against grounds which taken by themselves suggest a non-objective painting, arrangements of colors and shapes which are often very lovely, as in *Madeleine*, and far freer in execution than the inhibited rendering of the pallid figures themselves. Russel, who has spent much time in France, is partial to the work of Clouet, the Master of Moulins and De la Tour, and one can find similarities to all three in his painting, similarities which are natural to him in his familiarity with other periods and his ability to paint a Florentine *quattrocento* portrait or adapt the bacchanalian revels from a classical relief. The artist is an accomplished painter and has perfected an underpainting technique of his own which gives his works their unique appearance; he is also possessed of a highly original turn of mind which may take sudden twists into bypaths which the spectator is not always able to follow. (Duveen-Graham, March 26-April 13.) —M.S.

Italy: The New Vision: If this selection is even half-fairly representative of what's being painted and wrought in Italy today, it's clearer than ever that Italian expressiveness will sustain itself from the Mediterranean surround and not from the inter- or supranational idea. Afro, Santamaso, Ajmone and Sbisa reach out to a universal domain of expressionism which, even ten years ago, might have seemed an arrow into the future. Their versions of it (Afro's and Santamaso's, indisputably) are cogent exactly where the classical mold actually remains unshattered: note the ordered space of an Afro canvas and the discoverable axis in a Santamaso; observe with what equilibrium the devotion to color is maintained. It's a native impossibility for an Italian to become "free-form," in any wild reading of the term, since form is the burden and the instinct of the Italian's soul. (Consider his speech; as soon as he becomes excited, he starts to sing!) Paris is the sole discernible foreign influence of any weight here (as where isn't it!). But the power, the shape, the color of the subject—whether you're confronted with an imperial, not to say imperial, abstract bronze or wooden totem by Consagra, a crustaceous mannikin, with near-East vision, of Campigli, the grave, sunshued bottles of Morandi ("they also serve") or a thistledown abstraction in tempera and pastel by Licata or Tancredi—is this Italianate, a condition of art, whatever else, in which intellect and intuition are less arbitrarily divided than elsewhere, a condition, moreover, in which the weight of the past can at any moment become the impetus of the present. Sienese, Ravenna and Florentine sources are patent in the tight little fresco-face oils of Foppiani, in the rich two-dimensional face-front cathedrals and figures of Gentilini or in that ineffable sandstone head, pensive and ageless (not raceless), of Martini. There are monomaniac sequences here; there is no fractional painting. The inconvertibility of media, proficiently used, is a craft tradition Italians are unwilling to forego; the romantic landscapes of Borsato are confirmed by it, no less than that bronze-tented Manzù cardinal and the more-than-virtuoso "Picassoid" *Seated Nude*. This figure, by Fazzini, is a tantalizing conception—infra-centric, to coin a way in. Her crouched and embracing pose, made quietly dynamic by sundry connective embellishments of the surface, seems to hug an ancient secret. She is the most profound incarnation on view, if you except the bulls of Cremonini: "butchered and strung," they assume, semi-abstractly, a modern style, but the unity of their design is not unlike that of the Mediterranean basin, with no Western

Leland Bell, SELF-PORTRAIT; at Poindexter.



William Gear, AUTUMN ELEMENT; at Saidenberg.



straits, and the sea within is somber, deep and frighteningly old. (World House, March 1-23.) —V.Y.

Leland Bell: It is the figure which forms the problematic center of this exhibition. All of the works—the self-portraits and figure studies, the drawings after Rubens and from a photograph related to Maupassant's story "La Maison Tellier"—concern themselves with that subject. Bell has developed a valid personal attack, building up the substance of the figure from fluid, rhythmic strokes of the brush. His *Self-Portrait* 1956 suggests a kind of tense musculature of the face by vigorous swipes and stabs of color that create a distinct sense of vitality. The drawings, particularly the *Maison Tellier* series, investigate a related problem, the composition of groups of figures—a problem that one has not seen attempted very often in recent figurative painting. Much of the exhibition has a provisional look, of being studies rather than completed paintings, and the self-portraits, generally the most finished of the works, somehow remain closer to drawings than to final statements in paint. This does not mean that the works are not valid in themselves, but only that they indicate the continuance of a difficult problem, the reintroduction of the figure into modern painting, without reverting to the successful formulas of the past. (Poindexter, April 1-20.)—J.R.M.

Gabor Peterdi: A thorough search of abstract painting and graphics in progress throughout the United States would very likely find few artists of Peterdi's age (forty-one) to equal him, and none to surpass him, in technical equipment combined with range of conception. The present exhibit of large oils ratifies the prodigious capacity for inventive organization that confounds one in his etchings, but these are less febrile; they convey a sensitively guided intention and a power of design which reward them with something of nobility. They are so true to themselves as to leave no room in them for the artist: no room for his personality, at least—which is the way it should be. Six of the canvases are radical variations on—not rehashings of—a theme, the objects in a painter's studio, which Peterdi endows variously with palpable light, portentous shadow, fluid gradations of paint density, degrees of literal form. In *Red Studio I*, bouquets of glaucous light dilate at the structure's heart, like breathed-on coals in a dark room. *Red Studio II* is a militant proposition, designed frontally, in red, black and golden orange as unmysterious and ruthless as a banner

of Tamerlane. *Smoldering Canvas* is precisely that—you might call it pyro-chromatic; whereas *Winter I* is antithetically cool, linear and almost illustrative: horizons of discreet buff, slate blue and smoky brown recede, on tiptoe, to the infinity of the frame, fenced by trees like wishbones. *Frozen River* is an andante in G minor. Stand away and you'll swear to a luminous dusk ebbing from riverbanks, with buildings beyond, and thickets on the near side. Move in; all you can define is a homogeneous array of swiped rectangles (with intermissions of exposed linen) in a gamut of values so negative (hushed Burgundy and purple and umber and green) as to shake your credibility . . . Call it method. (Bor-genicht, April 1-20.)—V.Y.

Sandra Blow and William Gear: Severity of color and sobriety of mien link the work of these two English artists, despite the disparity in the choice of means and the ultimate difference between the cerebral approach of Gear and Blow's emphasis on the physical aspects of her art. Surface is all-important to the latter; she gives it a strong tactile appeal through the building up of layers of paint and plaster and the application of burlap or of netting, crumpled into thick ridges which are stiffened with paint and varnish. The starkness of the predominant black and white is relieved by the suggestion of pale browns and pinkish tones which emerge in faint patches of translucency amid the heavy substantiality of the plastered whites. With careful calculation rather than exuberance of activity and with an intuitive feeling for her materials, she duplicates those effects which age alone can produce in nature, like an eroded and barnacled fragment of a breakwater, or lichenized bark, or crumbling walls inscribed by time. But she does not stop with the creation of a visually seductive terrain—she introduces a drama of forms, sending a menacing arm of black deep into a pallid field or bisecting a painting into twin golden glowing halves with a central dark shaft. *Composition*, owned by the Museum of Modern Art, demonstrates her skill as a painter independent of material props with its firm yet delicate rendering of what might be read as a vast mountainous landscape.

Gear is not immune to the abstractions of fabricated textures, but his painting derives its subtle impact chiefly from the precarious blend of imbalance and equilibrium which characterizes the arrangement of the forms. Broad, flat shapes extend across the canvas, supported on a slender trapezoid (*Autumn Element*), or a hard angular scorpionlike configuration sprawls on a

flickering red ground (*Black Figure on Red*). The essential bleakness of the work is alleviated to a degree by the varying paint quality which softens the interior of the forms with gentle lights and animates the solid grounds with mottled textures. (Saidenberg, March 11-April 6.)—M.S.

Milton Resnick: These paintings brilliantly exemplify the popular mainstream of contemporary American expressionism. The artist here emerges from his De Kooning-esque beginnings to achieve a personal style, marked especially by a deeper space and a particular use of color. His shapes are now freed from previous heavy line enclosure, and color can support itself, not needing everlastingly juicy white as a vehicle. The paintings are big and solid, surprisingly moving, and expressive of a wide range of feeling, from intensely conglomerated areas, heavily impastoed, to freely swept recesses. Their big energy has at last got hold of an expressive form; it is that which carries them. *Alice*, in large areas of gray below strong blue, weighted with blacks, and *Key*, with somber red, are two especially fine large works. (Poindexter, March 11-30.)—A.V.

Candidates for Grants: Twenty-seven painters, seven sculptors and five graphic artists are invited by the National Institute of Arts and Letters (its eighth annual) to show their work, from which six are selected for grants "in recognition of a distinguished contribution to the arts and to further creative work." Since many of the artists on exhibition have been recently reviewed in these pages, and the writer has no qualifying acquaintance with circumstances of the selection, the sole function of this paragraph is disinterestedly to view the exhibit as it stands. "Distinguished contributions," to this occasion, at any rate, by those to whom the pontifical status "established" is applicable, certainly describes the work of Milton Avery, John Heliker and Boris Margo. Avery's *Double Wave* is characteristic of the abiding freshness he brings to a genuine conservatism; Heliker's expanding and contracting rectangles, which compose his small landscapes, redeem prettiness by the exacting strategy of their harmonic assembly, and Margo's cellocuts have a kind of controlled barbarism. One assumes that grants-in-aid would serve no very significant end in support of such a static issue as "magic realism" or of painters who continue to exploit a faultless surface with no deeper purpose than to please an habitual audience. Such painting is in evidence. And the freest of

IN THE GALLERIES



Stuart Davis, ELECTRIC BULB; at Downtown.

the free-form painters show to no advantage in the unflattering light of this gallery which emphasizes the insensitive robustness of their means. Among strangers (to the writer), the most welcome among the "moderates" are John Guerin, whose waterway paintings have been schooled by sensitive taste and an assimilation of tonalist discipline; Paul Monnier's *Snow Quarry*, with bistered depths between the white masses; and Monroe Eaves, sculptor, whose marble *Kneeling Figure*, best of his three, indicates positive direction. Numerical possibilities of "further creative work" is a prophetic gambit, less important than the morally substantial encouragement given to the creatively integrated few: those who must be supposed to have so far distinguished themselves by a security of technique which will support their powers through those *personal renewals* of style and vision, without which the artist falls into the rearguard of compulsive mannerists or fashion barometers. On this supposition, the reviewer commits himself sincerely to the hope that Hugo Robus (sculpture, burnished bronze), Leonard Baskin (woodcut and engraving) and Carl Morris (oil, abstract-formal) are fortified in the pursuit of their crafts. Each in his own way has a distinct conceptual artistry which is at once penetrant and formally challenging to the eye. (American Academy, March 15-21.)—V.Y.

New Mexico Paintings: They are dated 1919-55, but they belong principally within the post-Armory period of American lyric realism. The painters represented were visitors; some of them saw deeply, some caught only the lie of the land (double reading intended). With the exception of Georgia O'Keeffe, they didn't remain to elaborate, or to pray; they painted their fame elsewhere. The Marins are least qualified by time; they endure, as paintings and as spirit-of-place. It's arguable whether he ever painted better, whether he didn't already say it here as definitively as he would say it again with the famed cityscapes and the unremittingly nervous pulsation of gulls and coastal pines. This was adaptation, rather than development? Anyway, it was all there, in the New Mexico period, abstracted from the tilt and bedding of the highlands, the hovering pueblo structures, the omnipresent crosses, the mosaic strata—from all that protean, sublime, inhuman world of the upper Rio Grande, the vanishing edge of things... Perhaps Stuart Davis is the biggest surprise; he made as memorable a statement with objects as with tokens of them, and with scantier resources: not in *New Mexican Gate* or the landscape with fig-

ures, which are greeting-cardish, but in *Electric Bulb* and the mountain-peak painting. They're virtually colorless; their strength lies in his sparing use of heavy line to suggest enclosed mass. It's interesting to reflect that underpinning his exhilarating surface emanations of the metropolis is a puritan sobriety. The John Sloans, painted intermittently between 1920 and 1945, are no important part of his bequest. They are remarkably sentimental. So are the Kuniyoshis, imposing an attractive Oriental texture, not inappropriate to the Southwest but scarcely penetrable. On the other hand, O'Keeffe, who dug for the bones of the land and the ribbing of its flora, seems, to the writer, tediously of a period. A vivid imprint, yet it palls: the blank, scrupulous surface, the sinuous line without feeling, the detached melodies of design—an airbrush sensibility. Marsden Hartley's vision doesn't pall. The oils, unthinkably romantic, have a mood, reflect a temperament. He invented hues and contours which respected, while beautifying, the wasteland. The brush performed glissades of trailing color over the outcropping peaks, and stored thick shadows along the inclined planes. (And a pastel, *Landscape*, tells a wonderful lie, making pastoral white the sun shines.) (Downtown, March 2-30.)—V.Y.

Eight Americans: We might be a race of giants, or at least that proverbial intruder might think so staring at the four new paintings by Rothko, Motherwell, Kline and De Kooning now on exhibit at Janis. (Pollock's *Ritual*, 1955, was not there for preview.) All have tremendous visual power: the Motherwell with its four symbolic shapes in a flat imagery, two like giant gulls' eggs, two longer and curved in their extension; the Kline with its graphic blacks, here brushed in a massive vertical that is crossed below center by a planklike stroke, with another extension in the upper right; the De Kooning with its wide, glistening slashes that are truly imitable, its whites surging into color. And the Rothko! Truly magnificent! Entitled *The Black and the White*, it has a deep rose ground that turns into a burning red near the top center edge (reminding one of the mystically symbolic forehead spot in some religious imagery); and though the two large rectangular areas are indeed black and white, our usual vision of them is here completely transmuted. Not all of the paintings are on such a gigantic scale, however. Gorky's *Fable*, though large, is a broken drama with more falls of color than usual. Albers' *Homage to a Square: Vernal* is truly vernal, and for one reviewer, much more vibrantly a visual entity than some of his other works that have also used closed systems of proportioned squares, spaced one inside of the other. And if this review did not begin with Gorky, it is only because *The Plough and the Song* is such a different kind of painting: large, yes, but not overpowering—a modern fable with so much going on that it would take a painter, a poet, one psychiatrist, several children and a few stage directors to describe it. (Janis, April 1-20.)—E.P.

Hans Hartung: Hartung's work has changed. Michel Seuphor, in *Arts Digest* for March, 1955, suggests that this is his "classical period": "the forces are quieter, more yielding, perhaps more inward." Certainly the compositions are simpler: the taut vibrancy and directional energy of the earlier tangles of lines have disappeared; his calligraphic strokes are now almost reedlike, pulsations of motion against a background of color—black against orange, black against blue, as in two of the most immediately striking of his new paintings. Furthermore the forms tend to be more centrally spaced, and as naturally bunched together or crisscrossed as a handful of rushes on Palm Sunday, the center stiffer than the edges. How far he has gone can be illustrated by one canvas in which a single reedlike stroke (quill-shaped or feather-shaped might be more accurate) is poised in a space of pale blue fading into blue-white. Referring to the new use of background color in much of his work, the catalogue quotes Hartung as speaking of it as "a cool air underneath." Abstraction has moved in many directions. And if one remarks that the pursuit of still beauty is a dangerous game, someone is

sure to answer that Rothko with his intensely simple, glowing color areas has achieved it. Perhaps Hans Hartung has too, with a perfect balance of motion in color. Nor would all of the works in the present exhibition incline one to raise such a question. (Kleemann, March 11-April 13.)—E.P.

Jean Follett: Jean Follett's new work, like her work last year, is the fastening of a collection of objects on a dead black ground. Rusted springs, discarded mechanical viscera, a small black pot, a medicine bottle. If anything, her work this year has become more uncompromising; no buttp or sacking, fewer malleable materials like string or wire which can be bent to a creative purpose and do not have to be taken as is. The total effect is somewhat grim, as if we were at war with the machine age, determined to impose the order of the human will to beauty. In the large *Gulliver*, she has impaled—horizontally—a flat, brass monster, sheer, clean, with a beauty of form of its own, has studded the surrounding with springs, some ball-bearing wheels, and broken the top background line with some rectangles salvaged from a cheap wood packing case. Without the title, *Gulliver* washed up on the shore and tied down by the bands of Lilliputians would not occur to one. The artist's hatred may be Swiftian, but her imagery is not. *Large Black Panorama* is a wall of hanging items, and stands in striking contrast to the delicate, even graphic placement displayed in *Small White Panorama*. And lest one think this artist is solely concerned with the shock value of junk, *Woman with the Open-Door Stomach*—a flat wire triangle with a small wooden rectangle, hinged and movable at the heart of it—plays down its springs and wood and wire in favor of a stark textural elegance: a statement which could also be applied to its companion piece, the *Woman with the Hair-Filled Stomach*. (Hansa, April 16-May 5.)—E.P.

Ruth Abrams: After promising beginnings that have extended over many years, Ruth Abrams is approaching a full statement of an essentially personal vision. That vision, expressed now through the tutorings of abstract expressionism, seems primarily concerned with the sources of human life, both of the spirit and of the flesh: she does not hesitate to reveal her interest in either. When the artist successfully fuses her formal and emotional understanding, she produces paintings that must be attended to. These are: *Figure into Landscape, Myth, The Wave and River Reference*. They understand the possibilities of presenting space through color alone, and choose to present it ambiguously, thereby heightening interest in the condition of the figures she also introduces, which suggest a nice confusion of myth (as in the painting so named, which refers to Leda and the Swan) and present reality. This beginning that she has approached—and has grasped for what we may hope to be a continuum—has its backgrounds in two gradually

Ruth Abrams, RIVER REFERENCE; at Camino.



developed trends: one toward an almost architectural structure, the other toward an investment of personal experience in observed objects (as in *Red Morning*). Her success in attaining higher levels of expression has depended upon her technical ability as well as upon her talent for seizing possibilities that present themselves in the actual process of painting. (Camino, April 19-May 9.)—A.V.

Jack Tworkov: Tworkov's amorphous color areas tend to take shape too rapidly for the mysteries of this technique to add variety to his work. Shapes resolve themselves too easily and instead of dissolving back into the color film remain stable and static. *Duo I* has a light carnival air with a large pavilionlike shape; *Duo II*, with white margins at top and bottom, has soft, red figure shapes forming themselves vertically between two horizontal bars, arms extending above one, feet below the other. These and *Blue Cradle*, with its rocking brushwork, the color area again banded by whites at top and bottom, are the most distinctive—though *Watergame* has more obvious motion, and several others more interpenetration of color, texture and paint. (Stable, April 15-May 4.)—E.P.

Walasse Ting: The symbolism of China combined with the impetus of Paris is developed into a distinctly personal style in the works of this young Chinese painter now living in Europe. Symbolic dragons, white serpents, devils are recurrent themes in his compositions, both in the oils and in the large works in *papier collé* and Indian ink. In spite of the forcefulness and vigor of his style, as in the large *Devil Crossing the Black Sea*, with its dramatic emphases of black and white, there is a considerable amount of refinement. One finds it particularly in the use of color, as in *The Man with Bird*, its barely perceptible figures bathed in glowing purple lights and black shadows, or in *The Dragon in the Rain Clouds*, with its sinuous rhythms, its luminous whites crackling in the midst of thick, cloudlike blues, purples and blacks. In his first exhibition in this country, the artist makes an impressive showing, partly, one feels, because the work has about it a genuine childlike quality, the sense of innocence touched with evil presented in a naif, distinctly personal manner. (Galerie Chalette, March 12-April 9.)—J.R.M.

Lardera: An Italian sculptor who, since 1947, has made his home in Paris, Berto Lardera has sent twenty-two of his large metal sculptures to New York for his first one-man show in this country. He works in sheet metal, building up structures by setting the flat cut-out pieces of metal at right angles to each other, intersecting horizontals with the verticals to form a series of terraces or plateaus which break the upward thrust. The outlines are bold and simple, and the black-painted metal shapes present stark and handsome silhouettes; however, the separate shapes do not flow together with ease but are connected through jerky transitions, nor is there sufficient sense of the mass in the virtually two-dimensional forms to make them effective as sculptural units. (Knoedler, March 12-30.)—M.S.

Fannie Hillsmith: She is forever at the brink where prettiness—the victory of external felicity over total form—is paramount. Out of this nettle, danger, she plucks this flower—décor. Quintessentially feminine—and do we really have too much of that, outside the lingerie pages of *Harper's Bazaar*?—she reveres the patina of the present moment, in private places. Fundamentally Bostonian (presumption acknowledged) she contests the heritage of rigor with a baroque efflorescence reduced to acceptability by the lessons of modernism (like the sets of Cecil Beaton, but milder). At the same time, nostalgia is a persisting ingredient; she is assailable by fleurs-de-lis (cf. *The Pink Sofa*). *The Waltz* and *Early Signs* are restorations of the past as Elinor Wylie might have executed them in prose. (Note the mild impasto relief in the fireplace of the former—a moment of stone. And the latter is a vertical alignment of 'scutcheon Americana'.) Any area of *The Kitchen*, taken separately, is flawless; the

whole is a ghosted transverse of enchanted domestic objects, but the magenta beams affront the disdaining shade of Juan Gris. *Charcoal Room* suggests an attempted flight from the bandbox—smaller, stronger, stricter. But would she want to live in it? *November Room* restores the balance: furniture, bouquet, playing cards and the hills outside blended in a rich calm of gold, white and sienna, with no shock of sudden perspective to disturb the peace of elegance. (Peridot, April 1-27.)—V.Y.

Ezio Martinelli: A single sculpture and its related drawings constitute this exhibition which represents two years of work. The piece itself, cast in seven parts, is worked in steel, bronze, nickel-silver and copper. Completed, it stands eight feet high by eight feet wide. Its immediate reference is to the crucifixion, with three sprawling figures impaled on spiky trees, the central figure crowned with thorns. One finds here the coincidence of the repugnant and the beautiful; the human body tapers to insect arms or legs, is broken open at the thorax, like a strange blossom, to reveal writhing entrails, and in relation to the other figures, sets up the rhythms of a tortured, spastic dance. One wants to find the work beautiful, with its brutal imagery, its broken and metamorphosed forms. The undertaking of so sizeable a piece without commission is in itself commendable. One would like to see in it that beauty of which Rilke speaks as being "the beginning of terror we're still just able to bear." But one has the feeling that it allows no distance from which to view it. Its size propels us, willfully, into the midst of that thicket, as in a nightmare, surrounded by mangled forms. In a sense it lies too close to sleep and the unconscious. (Willard, March 26-April 20.)—J.R.M.

Seventeenth-Century Group: Except for a Veronese (sensuous orchestration of tremulous volume into an ideal distance of peaks and clouds), these Flemish and Italian oils have a unity of character deriving from the influence of Caravaggio. They include substantial examples of Strozzi, of Crespi (Madonna, Child and Joseph all Baroque sweetness and highlight), of Stanzione, whose powerful columnar rhythms and subdued decoration understandably aroused the envy of Ribera, and of Jordaeus, whose *Adoration* is closer to Latour than Caravaggio: e.g., the candle which creates such an illogical area of light, the Babe illuminated by a light of its own, the shepherd shielding his face with his hat. Even more remarkable as a combination of this theatrical "psychology" with Flemish genre is the Matias Stomer (or Stoom) wherein the focal lighting is not simply an illusionist technique of composition but serves to isolate, in a faded shagreen tone, the intimate details of physical character—the strong, aging hands, the time-cut profile. (Silberman, Feb. 1-March 1.)—V.Y.

Byron Browne: Restlessness is an artist's prerogative, to be questioned only when one is faced with the probability of confusing experiment with a statement offered for public appraisal. Browne experiments continuously and in this show offers one the stages as well as the conditioned result—to the confusion of the uninvolved spectator. In the process of abstraction, from a still life to non-objective equivalents, he encounters tempests of color within which rectilinear and ovoid shapes contend for supremacy. As process, these canvases carry interest; as exhibition pieces they're pathless jungles. The two which exploit a more pruned calligraphy and primary colors are the only ones lending themselves to sustained attention. Leaving the resolutions incomplete, however, Browne is off again to follow a mode of fantasy inspired by Goya, but its immediate episodes resemble the slovenly mazes which have currently arisen on the road to De Kooning. Similarly, his sculpture has moved from Etruscan models to the extremity of our backstairs eclecticism: a matador and a war god, more humorous than fearful, are contrived from wire and blackened plaster, with a dish drainer among the imported construction elements. Variety of texture is the common rationale for this sort of thing (certainly not

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IN THE GALLERIES

without ingenuity in Browne's case), but may there not lurk, beneath all this fussing and commuting and striving after the *recherché* in the ordinary, a deep frustration of the understanding (in respect to the nature of synthesis, above all), or simply a loss of direction, disguised as an adventure in form? (Grand Central Moderns, March 29-April 17.)—V.Y.

Louis Bosa: Bosa's remembered Italian world is one to which Federico Fellini, film writer-director (*The White Sheik*, *I Vitelloni*, *La Strada*), would respond with more than passing affection. For in these paintings a panorama of surface gaiety and carnival color is presented, so appealing to the glance in each of its compositions, so seemingly jaunty, that a closer scrutiny is required before the social undertones make themselves felt. Children climb flagpoles, priests with shovel hats lounge and take in the view (which may well include purple walls and a cinnamon sky), a hill town ascends heavenward in a steep concord of limpid color, and gondolas float like swans in the broken-weave ivory distance. But against this terraqueous backdrop, a man wrapped in newspaper sleeps on a flight of lavender steps (*Siesta in San Giorgio*). A group of sun bathers, gross imps with huge white nose guards, disport on a beach where there's no sun (*Birds of a Feather*). *Hideaway in Venice* is a harmonic marvel, with delayed content. Transparent water holds a muted reflection of the cerise walls, green doors and white steps (which soften to gray) of a deserted villa. A stolid vagrant (one of four temporary lodgers) gazes out across the railing of the terrace, obviously hoping that his breakfast will appear from the crystal depths of the lagoon. (Milch, March 25-April 13.)—V.Y.

Charles Shaw: To assign specific emotional values to color—e.g., black for death, blue for spirituality, red for rage, yellow for the jaundice of jealousy, etc.—is not only loose thinking, but is likely to lead one into the contradictions of comparative anthropology or sociology. Nevertheless no one doubts that specific colors do rouse emotions; and while a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, a rainbow without any color would not be a rainbow. All this is by way of leading up to the fact that Shaw's abstractions are extremely evocative because of their color: his feeling for color—often he seems to create it as he lays it on—is extremely lyrical and imaginative. Yet, for this reviewer at least, the beauty and magic of his colors is somewhat vitiated by the triteness of his forms. This criticism certainly does not apply to *Gay Landscape*. But in some of his other work one feels that if one could just forget the static unity of the abstract image, one could more truly appreciate his work. For *Hurricane's Wake* and *Surfside* leave an afterglow of violets, blues and luminous dawn tans; *Birth of Day* and *Metamorphosis* have the fairy-tale magic of primary reds, blues, grays, blacks and star-yellows, while *Night Vigil* and *V for Victory* are abstractly chorded in softly opaque browns, blues and blacks. (Passedoit, April 8-27.)—E.P.

Howard Kuh: Kuh's variegated show offers a prodigal landscape display, in oils, casein and drawing, based on subjects from Maine to Spain and points east in Europe (as well as a blue-illuminated nude and a formal study, in shadows and fleece, of his poodle). Kuh's empathy with regions of austere form and mineral color has yielded, among many others, a sculptured organization of domed Spanish hills, black-margined under a sky of slag violet, a superb Tyrolean pass with palisades of rust and deep-throated sienna, an approach to the Dolomites which leads the eye through sketchy pines to heights of mass which are strangely weightless, and slabs of glistening Massachusetts rock with twiggy trees around a pool of intensive blue. In an energetic five months of esthetic tourism, he also essayed a quantity of Italian, Portuguese and Spanish scenes, which have the general merit of capturing essential structure and space. It follows, from Kuh's characteristic landscape manner, that he would excel whenever tight composition and clear surface effects are implied; thus, an oil still

life with bottles is equal to his best, evincing all the haughty vertical splendor and the sober yet magnetic light of an evening landscape in Spain. (Roko, April 2-25.)—V.Y.

Five Man Show: Rocco Armento's sculptures in plaster—rounded, heavy, blank-faced human figures seated in bland immobility, or lurching forward, headless and without hands—create the highpoint of this exhibition. William Gambini and Burton Hasen also contribute some notable pieces: the former, loose, vigorous, boldly colored abstractions; the latter, more figurative paintings, the best of which is *Warriors*, in richly modulated grays and browns. Alice Baber's large still lifes in oil have a certain brashness of color, but her management of large areas of paint is indecisive. Boris Lurie's textural, figurative and abstract ideograms and monotypes in ink and paint complete the exhibition. (March Gallery, March 28-April 18.)—J.R.M.

Die Carlyon: As a painter Carlyon has many virtues to his credit: an instinctive sense of color, a vigorous technique, and a concern for the medium itself and its textural effects. The evidence of this showing of oils, however, is that he is trying out various styles—ranging from the somewhat figurative *Spring Cat* to the more abstract *Fields* series, with reminiscences of De Staél and Calcagno—without a sense of personal assimilation. *James River Landscape*, with its bold strokes of yellows, blacks, whites and ochers, and *Flowers*, with its flamelike orange-reds and yellows, less derivative paintings, suggest that when he comes into his own the results should be significant. (Fleischman, March 20-April 14.)—J.R.M.

Alfred Kubin: A real treat is offered those who like traditional German illustration and enjoy fine drawing in this selection of drawings and watercolors from the long career of the renowned Austrian illustrator, Alfred Kubin. To celebrate the artist's eightieth birthday this month, the Austrian government is sponsoring this retrospective exhibition which later will be the official exhibition during the Salzburg festival. There is that quality in his work which is peculiar to the German imagination, that combination of fantasy mingled with fastidious attention to realistic detail. The drawings here do not include any of the famous illustrations for Dostoevski, Poe or the countless other works which Kubin has illustrated, but they are in the same vein, depicting genre scenes with an element of Expressionism in the brutality (*Brawl* or *Unwanted Visitor*) or the morbid and macabre (*Kindesmord* or *Infanticide*) and the phantasmagoric (*Spook in the Hut*). The drawing itself is distinguished by a highly individual quality in the wavering line, reminiscent of those tremors of the Carolingian manuscript artists, which gives the work a spirited movement; forms are built up out of an accumulation of minute lines, rather than described in a single incisive outline. This is illustration at its finest and of interest both in subject and the marvels of the execution. (St. Etienne, April 2-27.)—M.S.

Nora Speyer: From her exhibition of a year ago, predominantly figure studies in oil, one wouldn't have predicted the very marked advance which her current show now demonstrates. Though her previous exhibition in a group of new talents indicated a vigorous style and a brash sense of color, these new paintings have a firm structural sense, an idea of the painting as a whole, and a much more daring and controlled use of color. The figure is still one of her pre-occupations and there are several good examples, in particular the sprawling nude built up out of slashing strokes of rich reds and carmine and dusky gray-greens. To these have been added several large bold landscapes, radiant in color and vigorous in their attack. One would particularly want to mention *Weeds* with its yellow-greens and ochers, its clear blues and purples, and the very striking *Landscape* with its deep reddish-purples, its rich greens and beiges. It would be difficult to estimate the amount of work which the past year has represented, but

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the results have been considerable and, no doubt, particularly rewarding for the artist. (Tanager, March 29-April 18.)—J.R.M.

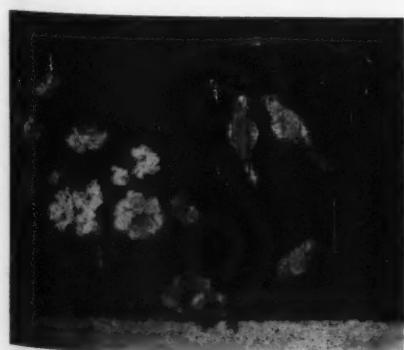
Paul Brach: Brach's abstractions have sometimes been compared to birds in flight. They do not look like birds, but there is something about his soft, bright strips of color (they seem to curve upwards and outwards) that reminds one of experiences in watching birds. The strips are not shaped like feathers but they have a fluttery quality, and though there is no body to hold them in place, their grouping makes one feel that there are loci in that space with a definite if delicate suctional pull. Several of these canvases have been titled for the movements of a cape in a bullfight—*Faena, Veronica, Farol: Armada* has a concentration like fire; and in *Thermite* the variations in mass, the soft shadow areas, the delicate color washes, the variety of texture and brushwork catch one's attention, which in general is held by the fluttering brightness of a brilliantly variegated palette. (Castelli, April 18-May 4.)—E.P.

Matta: Matta's technical finesse is everywhere in evidence in this exhibition of his paintings: the thin, brilliant coloring, the dexterous line are put to service in a series of bitter political and social commentaries. Human and plantlike forms suffer a change, a landscape (*The Green of Wheat*) becomes a fantastic machine of wires and sparking nerves, the figure becomes a one-eyed robot strangling two birdlike, bomlike shapes (*L'oiseau au sol*) or sits grappling brilliant green apples (*Being Beauteous*). The Rosenberg trial, among other commentaries, is introduced in one of the less successful works, *Le Procès des roses*. (Iolas, March 5-26.)—J.R.M.

Channing Peake and Howard Warshaw: Both are Californians. Both paint mural-size or with a muralist conception. Both are preoccupied with the horse as a symbol of power. Both employ a recent plastic conception (found everywhere from Picasso to Lebrun) without committing themselves to furthering its possibilities. Warshaw is the more luminous but upon close inspection is seen to be essentially a draftsman who imposes grandiose color as a subterfuge; his collage, *Studies for Mark*, is more integral than the others. Peake's large abstraction, *Dual Image*, is bold, merely; scrutiny reveals, as with Warshaw, the flavorless body of the idea, and recalls the perennial image so irritating to Californians—how tasteless their quick-ripened, colossal fruit. (Seligmann, Feb. 25-March 16.)—V.Y.

Dietz Edzard: Although these still lifes in oil of flowers and musical instruments are solidly painted and generally well constructed, they indulge too much, one feels, in romantic, sweet or nostalgic sentiments. The subjects—the pink and yellow roses in profusion, the mandolins, the musical score sheets, the strips of black velvet ribbon—are ones that are now so heavily laden with associations that they require some restraint, austerity even, if they are to be dealt with at all. Edzard's technique—heavy, rich strokes of color and vague forms—does not seem to offer enough

Dietz Edzard, CANARIES; at Hammer.



resistance to his subject matter. One suspects that to see into the heart of sentiment (and that word not used disparagingly) requires a very cold eye. (Hammer, March 26-April 13.)—J.R.M.

James Brooks: The variety of Brooks' forms and rhythms, the changes of predominant colors which occur in each of these large abstractions, account for much of the impressiveness of the exhibition. In *Gordian*, with its deep reds, blacks, whites and pale blues, the forms are diagonal thrusts which set up structuring like fault planes across a narrow horizontal space. *Perraloo* is a mass of somewhat ovoid configurations in brick reds and varying rosy tints with accents of black and light blues. The formal rhythms in *Ainlee* are some of the most graceful in the exhibition, bold arabesques and thrusts of color. The blacks and browns cede to large expanses of creamy white that deepen into intense pinks and oranges. The over-all impression of the exhibition is one of richness, variety and control within the style for which the artist is well known. (Stable, March 25-April 13.)—J.R.M.

Cameron Booth: The suggestion of place, at a certain time of day, with its qualities of light or motion, is conveyed by the artist through appropriate color and the character of his forms and their relationships, rather than through any design directly traceable to a specific equivalent in nature. In *Song of the Dunes*, Booth tries to communicate to the eye a sensation perceived through the ear, that of all the sounds one would hear lying amid the sand dunes—the surf, the birds, the insects, the breeze ruffling the reedy grasses—and he conveys this through a fiesta of warm colors, clustering and rising together in an impromptu central column of variegated shapes, surrounded by flat yellow areas. In *Of the Sea* his concern has been to approximate the rocking motion of things afloat on the sea; and here, although the sense of the bobbing back and forth is present, the shapes are much more sharply defined (even slightly modeled) than has been customary in his work. It is true perhaps that all his work had become firmer during the past two years in the boldness of the color and the imposition of a stronger coherence on canvases which have at times tended to be disorganized, but it retains that accurate suggestivity and the complex play of shifting forms across the field of vision which have attracted attention in his more recent exhibitions. (Schaefer, March 25-April 13.)—M.S.

James Penney: There are a number of different approaches to painting in this show, but none of them are fully explored, either in the realm of the problems they might offer or in the feeling they might express. Some are well-structured long views of landscape, such as *Quarry*, which indicate (with some success in this case) a knowledgeable care for the ambiguities of contemporary space; others are straightforward impressions of light-struck objects, such as *Trees, Winter*; and some are pastiches of contemporary manners that come out as not unpleasant decoration. The painter seems to care a little for a variety of painting concepts, but where his concern runs deep is not evident. (Kraushaar, April 1-20.)—A.V.

Xavier Gonzalez: In his latest work a struggle which should have long since been resolved, between design structure and theatricality or *mystique*, continues to make itself felt. The illustrative pomp of *Landscape in Construction* is an unfortunate error of taste, and in too many others there is an easy dialectic of strong foreground masses against diffuse backgrounds, with incursions of "mysterious" light. Gonzalez is at his best when painting, which is to say when he's preoccupied with the quality of a subject and not its prophetic residue, when, as in *Conveyor 2* or *Tinker Shop*, he renders the occult milieu of technological activity, with diaphanous, irregular forms and a variegated surface which his knowledgeable use of mixed media has brought to resemble collage. *Buzzards' Bay-Bridge* is neither so complex nor so abstract as these but has a fine soaring strength, and *Texas*

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IN THE GALLERIES

Landscape salvages an infernal subject—an oil refinery at night—from the risks of overstatement or geometrical duplication. The white tower (a cracking plant) is a ghostly sentinel in the warm sulphuric darkness, with little red flames around it like demonic worshipers. (Widdifield, March 26-April 20.)—V.Y.

Robert Richenburg: Many years of effort have been expended in the preparation of the canvases, monumental in size and unique in conception and execution, which comprise this first one-man show. The artist has attempted to combine flat painting and sculptural relief, achieving the latter by means of globules of sand mixed with white-lead paint which adhere to the canvas. It would be understating the case drastically to say merely that the visual tension resulting from the simultaneous two-dimensional and three-dimensional views generates a sense of unrest. Actually the effect is acutely disturbing, as if the canyases were crawling with some bacillie life, sometimes as unpleasant as if they were hideously afflicted with leprosy. It is unfortunate because this is so far from the artist's profoundly serious intention. In each canvas there is some motivating force, whether it be the conflict of one spreading color threatening to engulf another or an emerging form trying to assert itself over the surrounding forms or the clashing of light and dark forces in the interior of a Gothic cathedral. But in each case the swarming encrustations distract from the painting itself and render it ineffectual. The largest painting is a *Pietà*, a double panel in which one dimly perceives the configurations which give it its title beneath the dribbles which run down like the gray moss from live oaks over the granular black surface. (Artists, March 9-28.)—M.S.

Robert Keyser: The abstractions of Robert Keyser depend for their effect on a cumulative reading rather than on the display of physical energy or the impact of bold forms and movements. The eye must slowly take into account each richly worked passage and each color detail before encompassing the whole. There is a lack of proclaimed scheme or structure which makes the paintings more readily comprehensible in the random fragment than in the entirety. Color is the primary force here; the palette is spilled in its full range like a casket of gems over soft, filmy grounds of white which provide areas of tranquility in contrast to the array of brilliant hues. The patches of color shift with a lifting motion, turning on a fixed axis or revolving in an elliptical path; areas of light, pale yellows and salmon pink resist the encroaching blacks, generating a quiet tension, but ultimately it is the light that triumphs and contains the dark. Implied references to organic nature are manifold, but blithely defy literal analysis. In general it is the smaller canvases which are the most successful, because their size imposes a coherence; a larger work such as *Green Triangle* suffers from too broad a dispersal of forms, a proliferation of effects too diffused to be resolved into a single entity. (Parma, April 9-31.)—M.S.

Jeanne Kronman: This first one-man show by a young American is a convincing record of discipline secured and a style attained; there is nothing rudimentary about it, nothing brash, nothing presumptively cryptic. Miss Kronman has found her way by schooling herself in the solid structures of cubist-influenced American realism—i.e., conservative abstraction. Sensible enough to feel yesterday in order to experience tomorrow, she has already developed authority and a view which is hers—that she has imagination, too, should go without saying—an evolution plainly to be read in these paintings, with their steady rise of assurance to an incontestable climax, the landscape *Igneous Intrusions*, painted this year: an austere personal canvas, spare of detail but emphatic in its refining of elemental statement—arid rock, a single headless tree column, a burnished glomerate sky. The foundations of this achieved painting are verifiable in the others, in the impeccable if academically abstract still lifes no less than in *January Thaw*, three black trees spaced by cool dark blue-grays

and umber, or in *Through the Forest*, a broken-line abstract of tree trunks above a base of broken cubes, or in *Rock Forms*, modulation personified by a fugal surface expression which rivals Picabia in this mode. *Thor's Cup*, a dramatic steel-foundry close-up, and *The Character of the Community* (i.e., tide rock, wood, ocean waste and blocks of granite) summarize her debt to the concrete powers of regionalism. From here, with *Igneous Intrusions* (subtitled *Hidden Valley*), she is ready to advance into a No Man's Land, geotropically sustained. (Chase, April 15-27.)—V.Y.

Roger Kuntz: A California painter, Kuntz practices a modified illustrative realism. Subordination of pictorial to formal values is never strictly attained, but the intention shows most clearly, perhaps, in *Cattle*, where a meander of steers (liberty taken) forms a warped triangular pattern across a receding funnel of empty highway. *Moodwise*, *Ferry* is the richest painting, mostly a sheet of blue with ruddy depths, the ferryboat and a tank tower punctuating the marine expanse with albescent green. In the Mexican vistas (Tlaxcala, Mitla and Guadalajara) he concentrates on baroque forms of architecture, warmly manipulated; he brings a similar relaxation of surface to an interior study (textile played against brick, wood paneling, flowers and a dog) otherwise academic. Rock fragmentation gives *Shell Beach* its essential character; the subject would be more memorable if further abstracted. (Barone, March 12-30.)—V.Y.

Rudy Pozzatti: The range and skill of Pozzatti's graphic work, from the black and white woodcuts to the color etchings and engravings, are impressive. The composition, particularly in many of the architectural subjects, is firm and orderly, and the feeling for the medium itself, the general cleanliness of the work, is admirable. It is the drawings, however, which for one viewer present the highpoint of this exhibition. Working with stick and brush in India ink, he is able to produce a fine variety of line and touch, from thin delicacy of outline to broad accent, a neat calligraphy which sharpens one's perception of a cope of trees or of the nubby texture of a squash split in halves. The drawings also have the additional virtue of eschewing the decorative effects which occasionally mar the graphic work. (Weyhe, March 12-April 10.)—J.R.M.

David Levine: In this group of working sketches and watercolors, Levine sets forth the pleasures of summer with beach scenes of figures wading or basking in the sun. His drawings have a dry, straightforward quality, a matter of broad strokes and shadings, that suggests the hard, uncompromising glare of noon. The watercolors, devoted to the same themes, adopt a softer atmosphere, as in the small *Picnic*, one of his best, with pale warm washes of grays, browns and yellow-beiges. The technique, one of controlled understatement, of broad areas supplied at the right moment with bits of precise detail, produces a number of happy results throughout the entire show. (Davis, March 14-April 13.)—J.R.M.

Madeleine Ruperti: It is lazy-fashionable to declare that any new French painter whose arrival has not been trumpeted by the more influential organs of the press is a carbon copy of Matisse or Dufy or Bonnard or Buffet, depending on the provenance of his mode. Certainly the ease with which minor Parisian-schooled painters manage to annex one or other of their masters' techniques is startling; as a result, modification and inert derivation become confused in the eyes of not a few gallery inhabitants. Mlle Ruperti—she's Dutch and French and an oft-time resident of Switzerland—is derivative only in the best sense of having derived her cultivation from the Parisian continuity, which seems to provide endless resources for any painter bent less on expressing his equivocal self than on expressing another variant of the equivocal object. Thus, in Mlle Ruperti's first American show, those almost iconical still-life elements of recent history receive yet another embodiment—

or rather, disembodiment. These, in gouache or oil, are the show's central attraction, for the immediately precedent idea-abstractions have no comparable signature of temperament. But the lovely bird-neck bottles and carafes and fruit and cool sea shells have a siren's persuasiveness as they disport tranquilly in their meticulously toned spaces; they cluster and overlap transparently, or they interplane within a receding and ascending phalanx, emanating pastel sounds of blue, green and brown-violet—and in one gouache the lemons seem to dart like fishes through crystallizing waters. (Van Diemen-Lilienfeld, March 20-April 12.)—V.Y.

Walter Murch: The artist continues, with little observable variation, to paint still lifes of automobile parts, a gun, a plug, a tender onion, a pierced orange. As before, these subjects are presented in a graceful light that illuminates their inner details, while softening their edges. The colors are gentle grays and browns, for the most part—the colors of stone, metal, wood—though occasionally the soft tone is punctuated by a flat, bright patch, an emerald-green tag, for instance, tied to a machine part. This curious anachronism—carburetors at ease with lemons and onions, in the place forfeited by a wine basket or a loaf of bread—wears thin with repetition and becomes, more than anything else, a properly fashionable notion. (Parsons, March 11-30.)—A.V.

Gray Foy and Thomas Prentiss: This is meticulous craftsmanship in both instances but with distinctly opposite points of view. Foy exhibits a selection of drawings in pencil, minutely detailed studies of flowers, lichens, fungi and occasionally, as in *Artichokes*, the human figure with Surrealist overtones. The themes are desiccation and the false luster of decay, the presumption of rebirth (*Bulbs*), or the beauties of minutiæ (*Grape Hyacinths and Fungi*); but the overriding theme is a complex of beauty and decay and the consequent "morbid growths" which claim their right to distinction. The paintings of Thomas Prentiss, though as meticulous in their craftsmanship, are bathed in altogether clear, Sunday-morning light. The few simple objects—three pears, a knife, a bowl or a blue-edged towel—exist in extraordinary stillness and silence, a stillness so pronounced that it is disquieting, but one which is far removed from the encroaching decay and corruption that is suggested in Foy's precise descriptions. (Durlacher, March 26-April 20.)—J.R.M.

Arthur Bressler: A winner of the MacDowell Traveling Scholarship, Bressler in his oils and drawings evokes his year's sojourn in the midst of the Italian landscape. His moody, expressionistic style combines with a flair for dramatic color that heightens the effectiveness of his scenes; a slash of vivid pink accents the curve of a road in a landscape of deep blues and greens, or the pronounced slant of a cluster of buildings, as in *Florence at Night*, sets a whole composition into motion. All of the work demonstrates a controlled and mature talent, but he has some particular successes in his *Thames River*, with its livid streaks of pink thrusting against deep blues, and in his solidly structured *Tuscan Village*. His sanguine drawings of architectural subjects, also included in the show, have a fine sense of density and mass. (Art Students League.)—J.R.M.

Vela Zanetti: A Spaniard who emigrated to the Americas as a young man shortly after the end of the Spanish Civil War, Zanetti exhibits mural sketches done in oil, crayon and ink on heavy paper. His portraits of misery do not have the dramatic energy of the famous Mexican muralists. He is much more romantic, especially in color. And one's attention tends to be caught by extraneous queries: What is the nature of that headdress the native woman is wearing (which turns out to be some form of local hair curlers)? Or what is that instrument (which turns out to be some sort of rattle, loose teeth in the dried jawbones of an ass)? There is variety here, however; his sugar-cane cutter is a swatch of energy; his *Wounded Cock* is as richly somber as some of

his trios of native women. And to see Zanetti's work on a larger scale a trip to Central America is unnecessary; one has only to visit the third floor of the United Nations Conference Building in New York. (Sudamericana, March 18-April 6.)—E.P.

B. Arnold-Kayser: Miss Kayser has painted a number of subtly diversified semi-abstract urban-structure forms, bringing to their treatment a fertile sensibility and a circumspect range of color. Her basic form is a warp of closely ranged lines, variously countercrossed, within which she suggests a wilderness of structures and miraculous distances which glow with pallid light. Presenting, at first, a formidable tissue to the eye, the composition invariably yields recessively and flexibly shaped paths which are cool, beckoning and active. *Construction*, lacking the superweave of the others, is as admirable in its spatial freedom. To select *Nightfall* as the best is only to express a personal preference for its mysterious implications: an abandoned and unmoored city, floating in a slate twilight, as if all the lights in the world had been turned out, and there remained only this drifting cage, a three-dimensional graph, inside of which trapped reflections were suspended forever. (Pietrantonio, April 1-15.)—V.Y.

Frederick Childs: His flowers belong neither to horticulture nor to the atmospheric tradition of the French still life; rather they are brilliant pretexts for a scintillating display of essential form and resounding color, each specimen selected for its potential force as a concurring element in a clear-voiced design keyed to a single-color background—an intense gray, a lyric green, a summer-bright orange. This may sound restrictedly decorative but it isn't: each painting has a personable life of its own, more than floral by being less. *Kachina and Gourds*, *Winter Arrangement* and *Victorian Vase* are exemplary, but every one has an intrinsic vitality of appeal. The figure paintings are as vibrant (and, as in the two versions of *The Actors*, deeply moving)—especially where the construction is elliptical, as if the transitive elements had been cut away (*Girl with Big Hat* and *The Laundresses*). (Passedoit, Feb. 25-March 16.)—V.Y.

Fred Lawrence Messersmith: In the rail yards and factories and landscape of the West Virginia mining country, Fred Messersmith finds the raw material which he transforms into handsome compositions, perfected to a high degree of finish, which render agreeable all that one might think of as ugly in the industrial scene. A teacher of fine and applied arts at West Virginia Wesleyan, the artist is a proficient technician, especially in his handling of the casein medium which he uses alternately like oil and watercolor, achieving some unusual effects with casein on rice paper. *American Gothic* depicts the vertiginous vertical thrusts of the modern city, played off against the diagonally descending shafts of light, suggesting the same interplay of elements which takes place in the Gothic cathedral. The latter work is the most abstract and elaborately conceived painting in the exhibition; the rest stay closer to the artist's immediate environment—the black smokestacks against spring's tenderest green showing on the hills; *Blaine Island*, sleek and arrowheadlike in the midst of Charleston's busy harbor; the coal miners after work: the serpentine road gliding over a bridge toward blue hills beyond. Each painting is distinguished by the freshness of the execution and the originality of the treatment which gives the work its individual stamp. (Barzansky, April 1-13.)—M.S.

Barbara Adrian: Miss Adrian explores the back streets of social realism and from them is discovering a manner which, founded on experience with detail, should take her ably in any direction she has future taste for. Her city-crowd scenes, notably *Times Square* and *Coney Island*, are almost blatantly indebted to Reginald Marsh, but they depend less on flashy foreground figures; they exist more harmoniously by way of the total composition. The *Times Square* canvas is a successful nightmare of a myriad extend-

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IN THE GALLERIES

ing to the edge of doom, overcast by a fine livid sky. A Hebrew bookshop and a Magic Korner establishment are done with a fiendish patience for detailed pattern—and with humor. Two small oils are painted in a ravishingly Flemish hand, and from a heart for character (*Beggar and Dilect*—the latter's red shirt and blue pants are hypnotic). Beyond anecdote, she employs another style altogether, more abreast, and suddenly refreshing: billowing laundry lines contrasted with finesse to a featherweight sky and a receding brick wall—a squad of doors in semi-abstract relationship to proximate forms, rearward, and to the ebb and flow of cloud-weight tonalities (*New York Construction*). This is a long, heartening distance from the Times Square Marshland. We hope she has no return ticket. (G Gallery, March 12-April 6.)—V.Y.

Chaim Gross: Gross is a veteran sculptor and there is every evidence in his exhibition of painstaking talent and genuine love for the specific material he is dealing with. In his columnar *The Birds*, the grain of the wood (lignum vitae) is worked to promote a sense of flamelike soaring which, combined with the upward thrust of the forms themselves, makes it one of the outstanding pieces in the show. One finds his conception of the figure, however, somehow limited, a formula that is promoted from one piece to the next; one feels that his initial intention, without any resistance from the creative act itself, is quite generally the end which he achieves. (Duveen-Graham, April 14-May 4.)—J.R.M.

Georges Dayez: Interiors, landscapes, still lifes are presented in works restrained by the discipline of a personalized cubist idiom. Indeed, their rich dignity makes it impossible to believe that the musicians in the "Jazz" series can sound anything but Bach. In this respect the paintings seem eminently "French"; they bespeak that sensibility that must eschew "action," must describe itself in terms of balanced structure. And in this mode they are very good—well-made and fulfilling what I take to be their straightforward intention: to present familiar and pleasant aspects of life in a way that calls attention to what the artist envisions as their particular physical situation. If his structural vision is not unfamiliar, in his color (*Geranium Pot, Sails at Venice*) he can surprise us. (Galerie Moderne at Brentano's, March 15-29.)—A.V.

Elizabeth Erlanger: According to their titles, these paintings in casein deal with landscapes seen on the artist's recent trip to Alaska. That pretext can be forgotten, since a painting done in Italy, also shown, makes it apparent that location has given itself up to a formal idea of painting; even in color Ketchikan seems as near Milan as it is to Juneau. This almost abstract-expressionist idea that does finally dominate is best when least geographically identified—as in *Juneau, Alaska*—when, indeed, it seems to mean "geography" in general. It is this that the painter uses to animate her work—a sense of the variety of forms, for instance, in rocks that may border the sea or impose an impassable barrier to it. The medium is used fully (and it admits of a great variety of expression), and the linear detail is almost always pertinent to the whole conception—a rare quality these days. It is only when an exact representation is intended, as in *Totem Pole*, that the artist falters. (Bodley, April 14-28.)—A.V.

Bart Perry: From his first one-man show in New York it appears that this painter's feeling for abstraction is primarily based on a feeling for nature. In his early work, the translation is so free that one might call it a collage of separate impressions: a color here, a shape there, a linear tangle somewhere else. In his later work he has developed a more distinctive style: using an over-all drift of color spots, denser or looser, brightened and blurred, he conveys a feeling for nature primarily through color. Autumn canvases might have been stimulated by a collection of fall leaves, of winter marigolds; others by the delicate petals of gentians, or of late August phlox. (Camino, March 29-April 18.)—E.P.

F. E. McWilliam: Drawings by a sculptor frequently have a supplementary rather than intrinsic interest. These are no exception. As graphic versions of McWilliam's three-dimensional figures—which occupy a stylistic position between those of Reg Butler and Lynn Chadwick—their intricate hatchings, ladders and pyramids of line are amusingly cognate. On view simultaneously with seventeenth-century oil paintings, they speak, otherwise, with a still, small voice. (Silberman, Feb. 1-March 1.)—V.Y.

Edith Smith: Edith Smith's paintings in mixed media are all dichotomies, at least so she titles them. Why? Because each is divided more or less into two portions—the one dark, mysterious, shadowy, the other generally illuminated by a bright light; the one usually lying flat on the picture plane, the other opening up vistas into a vast space. Her media are most decidedly mixed, lots of gouache and pastel, a trace of metallic paint, bits of collage and apparently pen and ink, used to produce a potpourri of effects from delicate crosshatching and dainty bands of decoration to strong, incisive blacks cutting sharply through the painting and the filmiest layering of transparencies imaginable. Swelling circular forms, often containing a foetus, are recurrent in many of the paintings, but there is little further reference either to object or to idea, nor are there any signposts to orient the observer amid the disorderly scattering of shapes and colors other than the schizoid division into disparate halves. (Artists, March 30-April 18.)—M.S.

Antonio Fernandez Muro and Sarah Grilo: Muro works in an abstract geometrical style: *Tema sobre blanco, Sobre Círculos*—creating two-dimensional dramas heightened and intensified by vivid color. Between a rich brown and a rich dark purple a long, thin triangle is shockingly pink; in a setting of cleanly divided, proportioned bright greens and whites, to the right and below center is an area of more concentrated activity, with black, red and white color accents, and two lines, one black, one white, self-continuous in outlining forms. Sarah Grilo, Muro's wife, is more softly decorative: bands, irregularly geometric, and patterned with Indian blues, grays, violets are as naturally created in space as, in another art, they were woven into material; less distinctive, but also sensitive, are her freer compositions with lucent backgrounds thinly colored, occasional color solids, and descriptively lyrical lines. For anyone who doubts the emotional potential of abstractions based primarily on geometric forms, this exhibit should prove instructive. (De Aenlle, April 1-30.)—E.P.

J. Eugene Gardner: The exhibitor shows panels of flowers "so exact as to be recognizable to flower lovers." But how often have we seen beautiful French prints, which have the added attraction of giving the name of the flower (albeit in Latin or French) in clear script on the white page below the vignette, whereas these presentations add at most an ash tray with a cigarette? Clearly, something more must be hoped for, and occasionally it is given. It is in the simple frontal view, more than anything else, and the relation of the bouquet so seen to the rigid background, that a strange sympathy for the subject is evoked. And in one instance, the bouquet is poised against the dark sweep of a piano, which both formally and symbolically heightens its meaning. (Bodley, April 1-13.)—A.V.

Three-Man Show: Of these three young "artists of promise," R. F. McGovern is by far the best. His black and white woodcuts show a remarkable natural talent for the medium, a graphic energy of line and space and composition. One feels that he cuts into the wood with as much power and control as someone else might cut into a dinner. His means are distinctive but his images are not, though his *Madonna* does brood as she encloses her child, and the figure on the hilltop in *Make Ready the Way* is Gothically ferocious. At times one feels his violence is barely under control, as in the swirling lines of a child's head—though his little girl with a skipping rope (one of a very few secular images) has, by contrast,

jumped solidly onto the page. As for the other two exhibitors, Leonard Horowitz shows cloudy red nudes on cloudy red canvases, poorly contoured and awkwardly bent at the extremities, as well as portrait heads which are more skillful but not any more substantial; Philip Martin, carelessly realistic in gouache and watercolor, occasionally manages to catch an expressive key, as in the gray and white tonalities of his sad, yet inevitably young, young woman, with only herself and a string of delicately shadowed pearls to hold out to life. (Marino, April 6-27.)—E.P.

Gerrit Honduis: This show, for the most part an assemblage of long-necked, small-shouldered women, hesitant ballerinas hanging onto curtains, and strangely customary circus folk, is enlivened by two small landscapes that admit a brightening light and a free spirit to the generally heavy color and staid forms. *The Lone Beach*, the better of the two, is generous with warm ochers under a blue-bold sky. *Girl with a Red Shawl* calls upon Matisse and Gauguin, but winds up with Max Weber, whereas whatever intimations of the mysterious there may be in such paintings as *Strange Company* or *Still Life* (a puppet off its strings, masks, etc.) need a more subtle touch in form and color to cut them loose from the too, too solid canvas. (Babcock, March 25-April 13.)—A.V.

Music, Wakita, Daen: Interest in this show is stimulated by the oils, lithographs and etchings of Antonio Music, an Italian, who is represented by work exhibited at the most recent Venice Biennale. His landscapes, whether in oil or graphics, are gently gay arrangements of moundlike shapes varied slightly in repetition, and often set against a horizontally striped ground. In the oils, the color can be a rich combination of red and orange; in the color etchings a confectioner's palette is used, saved from oversweetness by incised sienna lines. Wakita's and Daen's subjects are human figures and birds. In the Japanese painter's work, plump little maidens ruefully offer the birds handfuls of food, while Daen's elongated metal figures hold huge-winged eagles, or have wings themselves instead of arms. (Contemporaries, March 11-30.)—A.V.

Jeanne Boardman Knorr: Miss Boardman claims that in her semi-abstract watercolors she seeks to "create an image of the identification [she is] able to find with nature." If this be the case, the spirit of her identification must be almost monotonously hectic, since these impressionistic landscapes are all scored for the same tempo—*allegro con anima*—and their imagery nearly all consists of the same goblet-form trees with tenuous counter-washes and pizzicato strokes. She has oversolved a problem convincingly; one hopes she will amplify the challenges to her skill. (Regional Arts, April 1-27.)—V.Y.

Howard Baumbach: Content to develop patiently his personal version of one of the less recent modernisms, Baumbach places one solitaire of paint against another all over the canvas; by dint of organizing these into variant sizes and aggregative colors and with degrees of definition and compactness, he builds toward abstract compositions, sometimes nominally equivocal—*Sea*, and *Dunes*, e.g.—but quite often intensely scenic. His small *Lake* is an effulgent success in this category. *Conversation* brings two figures into view among the patines, yet *Seeress*, the least captious, is on the whole the most durable. Here he has modeled each component of the picture—the woman's figure, the chair back, the table, the cup and the wall—in synchronous lozenges, painting only the woman's face, a structural accent, as a conventional smoothly brushed surface. (Barone, April 1-20.)—V.Y.

Van Day Truex: These wash drawings of Italian, Libyan and Grecian landscape have a collective quality of dignified and remote perfection, as historically antique in style, for the most part, as the places they habitually represent: classical groves, deserted chapels, Renaissance fountains, old quarries and gardens—with a few

attendant figures. The Louvre and the French Institute, both threatened by rain, and the bridge over the Arno, are inspirited by a dash of color. (Carstairs, April 9-27.)—V.Y.

Maurice Grosser: Among his paintings of Greece and Brazil, those concerned with the more spacious subjects (terraced houses, olive trees, churches and so on), all done with a satisfying handling of structure and perspective, are less fruitful than his close plastic detailing, in four still lifes, of the exotic textures and so limiting but curiously fascinating color range of Brazilian mangoes, cashew nuts, sugar cane and bananas. (Carstairs, March 19-April 6.)—V.Y.

M. G. Anderson: The painter is a suave member of the post-Mondrian or Neo-Plastic persuasion, distinguished by its fastidious retreat into the single recent mode which promises an infinite assortment of irreproachably mathematical arrangements. These have an architectural theme (*Patio*, *Penestration*, *Proscenium*, and so forth). Each is an impeccable adventure with rectangular forms in space—black on chocolate brown on tan, pale blue on intermezzo blue on sand on neuter gray within potent gray (raised pigment). They are invincibly proportioned, measured, fitted and painted. The well-tempered clavichord, the Hegelian dialectic, the Trappist vow of silence. (Pietranotto, April 16-30.)—V.Y.

Frank Russell and Gertrude Barrer: This husband-and-wife team makes ceramic paintings. Whoever is largely responsible for the images in the paintings is doing something of a disservice to the executor of the technique (if the combined talents are indeed contributed along those lines). The technique, "an original one that requires many firings," produces rich, deep colors, particularly in the blues, which play against other colors in texture and depth; it is capable of describing both well-defined changes in form as well as soft transitions, and offers, in background areas, richly changeable space. But the images so described are those wide-eyed, medieval maidens that we see on too many Finnish ash trays, and in every other place where Picasso's classical period serves the useful arts. A further misfortune: the edges of the separate tiles almost always cut across the maidens at some crucial spot. This should be grounds for a separation, at least, of image and technique. (Theatre East, April 2-28.)—A.V.

Nanno de Groot: With these rather portentous canvases, De Groot is painting himself into the figurative realm, and in many, despite the forceful pitch of the color, the figures appear to make their entrances with reluctance, like incompletely developed negatives or obedient ghosts at daybreak who, summoned imperiously, have quickly donned a garb of many colors acquired during a visit to some more exotic country of the night and stand, in a faceless tremor, waiting to be reinvested with the costume of humanism. *Large Red Figure* and (particularly) *Rattan Chair* are envisioned with organizations of the picture area that induce a rewarding effort of attention. The large seated figure in white (untitled when seen) is a masterpiece of finesse from the Matisse in-law album: it defies all but a cold enumeration of composite elements which would fail to do justice to its large tranquillity, its sculptural flow and tactful adornment, its exceptional multisurface delicacy, its essential co-ordination of power with decorum. (Parma, March 18-April 5.)—V.Y.

Artists Anonymous: Although this stands as an anonymous group of paintings in various media, the names of the artists, except for a few, are available on request. The works are generally in the rich primitive vein for which the gallery is familiar—the stark figure studies of Hedi Fuchs, the incisive landscape sketches of Alice Anonymous, as well as a striking work by a newcomer, Phillip Cavanaugh's *Bird in a Boat*, a small vision of a blue bird perched on a yellow boat in the midst of an orangey-pink sea. Lawrence Woodman's *Crucifixion* (watercolor), its figures like shadows in dense underbrush, Jean Grumburg's lively still life, *Flowers About To Leave*

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IN THE GALLERIES

Their Vase, and Nat Kauffman's Cézanne-like *Landscape*, are particularly notable. The painter known as "D" exhibits a number of abstractions in oil. (Adam-Ahab, Feb.-March 28.)—J.R.M.

Sabina Teichman: In her best canvases, which include two small landscapes without figures and the largest, an ambitious affair called *The Wedding*, the artist is attempting a kind of Renoir blend of primaries with an inter-vibration of pastels. Atmospherically, *The Wedding* is a tour de force, but a superfluity of means and insecurity in the figure drawing impede the effect of its pyramidal design. (A.C.A., March 11-30.)—V.Y.

Charles E. Martin: More choicely known (if he'll pardon the expression) as "Cem," a *New Yorker* cartoonist, C. E. Martin is a Dr. Jekyll who sneaks off to Maine in order to paint these ravishing watercolor abstractions. Thoroughly, indelibly unique, every one of them is a comment which makes its own truth, drawn from an objective principle of motion, structure or light within the scenic element. But it mustn't be thought there's science here—not in the grave, sectarian meaning, at any rate. And poetry, one gathers, is a fighting word in these pages. Put it this way: Martin takes what he needs—a monolithic crag, a box-shaped boulder, a crescent parade of pines, a counterplay of gulls with tumbling rapids, an invading channel of sea below a sinuous granite bench—takes these and distills them, rectifies their overserious role as The Forces of Nature, informs them with an insouciance possessed heretofore by leprechauns only, and tints them with colors usually reserved for peaches, small tropical fish and bandannas. In short, he creates a world of geodetic humors. (White, April 2-27.)—V.Y.

William Story: Story's first one-man show in New York—and it hasn't opened yet—immediately brought him two invitations: one to the recent Whitney Annual, and one to the Corcoran Biennial. In one or two of these abstractions there is the feeling of an interior, a structured space, intensified more by color than by form. Others are flatter in design; all are firmly constructed, though in some there is a too-obvious balance of verticals by horizontals, of definite shapes by background pieces. All, however, are vividly varied by a bold distribution of colors—reds and oranges with an intrusive gray-white form, heavily outlined, and shaped like a three-finger-lake; deep browns and rich oranges; yellow-gold with greens, blues and purples—and by the changes in body which his color achieves, hitting burlap wrinkles and folds, saturating parts of the canvas built up by collage. (Contemporary Arts, April 8-19.)—E.P.

Lilly Brody: Impressions of light and air, impressions of the city at night, looking out from a window or turning inwards away from it—this artist abstracts from what she sees. And re-creates it, transformed by emotional brushwork, distorted by a change in focus, the greens and browns of her outdoor view rushing into a vista of distance, the blues and purples of her indoor room darkened and broken by the absorption of night. An awareness of structure and the juxtaposition of planes underlies the apparent freedom of this work. And though there is nothing particularly original in its conception, there is a great deal of emotion in its execution. (Hansa, March 25-April 14.)—E.P.

North and South American and European: The hemispheric title is a euphemism for a gallery-group show which has indeed drawn its young entrants (most were born in the twenties) from three continents. Unfortunately, most seem to be playing with fag-ends of recent styles: Kiley and Robbins (American), pre-recent abstract; Scharr (Polish-French), intentively naive whimsy in Majorca; Ver Brugge (Argentine), clean, Parisian still lifes; Nageroni (New York Italian), skillfully built archaic-appeal low reliefs, all white. Herrero Miranda (Argentine, self-taught) is the only provocative painter here; from the deep-hued backgrounds of his sophisticated ab-

stractions he plucks animated shafts and crosses, like sudden lively notes in an upper register. Edward Landon experiments with hand-carving and he's developing a taut, sober idiom which characterizes with graphic economy. (Meltzer, March 19-April 15.)—V.Y.

Young Americans: The group is miscellaneous in style, earnest in approach. The most eloquent member (partly because there's more of him on view) is James Kearns; his charcoaled figures of suffering are, at their best, more convincing than those of Cuevas, achieved with means less desperately contorted. His previous sculpture (seen via photograph) is equally forceful, but the cat *Minotaur* on view is more gross than powerful. If overstatement doesn't trip him, Kearns is a young American to watch. Walter Hahn's engraving, *North Wind*, is of another temper: it is composed with refinement and incisive imagination. These artists invoke a more definitive response from this reviewer than Lee Bontecou (fired clay figures), Jutbstrom and Niese (oils) or James Phillips (represented by Harnett "magic realism"), all of whom seem unresolved. But Aubrey Schwartz's lithograph, *Owl*, is a strongly cast shadow, and Miss Adrian is discussed in another review. (G Gallery, April 9-27.)—V.Y.

George Estes and Roy Morton: Estes is obviously not satisfied with his moderate talent for portraiture and is trying instead to become a formal non-objectivist. It can't fairly be said that he yet has the hang of it, but one painting, divided into co-ordinate areas of geometrical shapes, at a Stuart Davis level of hue, is a promising advance. Morton is a commercial illustrator who is better than his occupation. The Mexico illustrations are witty and more than decorative—note the parti-colored bull with banners. In one especially, where a whole lot of cats disport among stylized cacti and an unmolested fish bowl, he is the equal of Bemelmans and Steinberg. (Sullivan, March 12-April 1.)—V.Y.

Iaroslav Serpan: Serpan's basic forms, spiky concretions of black strokes, thrust upward like gnarled cypresses against a richly scumbled off-white ground, or are strung like a garland across a space of intense sunny yellow. The textural effect of all of his oils is invariably rich, whether it be in the compositions already mentioned where the forms stand out against a contrasting ground, or in those works where the black configurations are laid against blues and greens to present an over-all dense, tangled mass. (Kootz, March 25-April 13.)—J.R.M.

Lilian Feldman and Sally Fairchild: Miss Feldman's thick cubes of color hug each other as if in fear of being involved with a meaningful conception. Only in *Terminal* is there any opening out to a plastic whole which can be grasped in terms of rhythm and form. Miss Fairchild has been having an uneasy liaison with the patterned surfaces of Vuillard and Matisse, the former especially evident in her combining of background texture with that of the figure; but her poor drawing and her ill-chosen color do not encourage further comparison. The landscape, *Night in Yucatan*, has a steadier balance of color and design, and a grace she denies to her human figures. (Panoras, April 1-13.)—V.Y.

May Heilom: The painter has assimilated the central tendencies in that line of descent which owes its direction to Gorky—with a dash of Seong Moy—which she has formalized in varying degrees of abstraction, from the explicit *Harbor Motive*, through *Aerial Landscape*, *In the Dark of the Moon* and *Of the Forest*, to the strictly non-objective *Composition 7*, rectilinear and clearly organized, and *Industrial Landscape*, more jumble than suggestion. Her strength is usually assured by an underpinning of solid color which supports and informs the main features. *On the Highway*—heavy black outlines, slots of deep blue and red within the machine forms, flat green above—is richly sinister. But *Harbor Motive* is her biggest and best, painted with a resilient command of subordinated brush, affirmative and neutral color, and design areas which

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have mobility and definition. (Petite, April 8-20.)—V.Y.

Murray Jones: Using lacquer as a medium, Professor Jones seems to have expended as much patience, craftsmanship and thought upon the surfaces of his paintings as an ancient potter might have upon his glazes. But the interest is mainly in the surfaces, broken usually only once by pieces of foil, fissures in the texture, a crystallization of color into form in a bright mass that provides a formal focus for the eye. And though the titles indicate a definite locus of inspiration—there are four entitled *Sea Memory*, and four entitled *Point Lobos*—the immediacies of any sensory impressions have been entirely transmuted into a tactile surface that seems less the action of paint on canvas or paper or some other resistant base, than of color baked or fired or blown by some other method into some other medium. (Contemporary Arts, March 25-April 5.)—E.P.

Roland Bouvier: To call M. Bouvier a French Hilda Sterne is initially to define the *apparent* subject of his painting—the linear and parabolic structure of the contemporary urban world. But not only does he register a less affirmative reaction to this phenomenon, he also utilizes the designs for subjects at a more abstract distance from the point of departure. His paintings have an intensive complexity: sweeping incised lines, like strands of cable, loop across his clustered verticals and densely packed rectangles. In *Sans les hommes*, his most amply contrived canvas, the structures give an impression of the durability of steel; *Brooklyn Forest* is a pertinently dour inspiration, *Fugue*, with its double crosses and dramatic foreshortening, is a virtuoso event. This is M. Bouvier's first U. S. show, and certainly a stimulating one. (Gallery 75, March 25-April 30.)—V.Y.

Jessie Ansbacher: A retrospective exhibit which covers thirty-five years of a gentle realist whose portraits—particularly *Head of a Poet* and *Girl with a Muff*—are her best paintings; in them she employs a golden-brown chiaroscuro which lends them a modeled strength within their shadowy ambience. The later landscapes are rhythmic and precise, but they display their familiarity with Renoir almost too boldly. (Barzansky, April 15-27.)—V.Y.

Byron Goto: These paintings take their color from the four seasons, with the extremes of summer and winter, red-orange and blue-white, worked into two large canvases that are particularly handsome. In all of the paintings a broken landscape is implied; in some, a fractured foreground emerges to become an ascending form that rises with lines and sweeping shapes to an explosion of circles. (Zabriskie, April 1-20.)—A.V.

Alfred Crimi: The painter should encourage his own bent for the directly observed object painstakingly formalized or abstracted, for it is in this direction alone that his power lies. *Metropolis*, a handsome geometric composition; *Dead City*, a soberly conceived high-level perspective of broken walls and sad friezes; *Out of Space, Out of Time (I and II)*, a pair of "ghosted" sailboat studies; a delightfully composed brace of *Coatis*; and *Rigging*, a watercolor: these are incomparably the best paintings in his wide assortment. The drawing of a seated nude and the two portrait heads, however, are well worth attention. (Eggleson, March 18-30.)—V.Y.

Enrique Riveron: A Cuban painter, now in New York, Riveron presents his latest works, flatly patterned geometric abstractions. These one-plane, triangular and rectangular space divisions are boldly colored in reddish brown and blue; in brown, green, black, gold and yellow. Included as well are some earlier works, smaller in scale, with densely mottled color surfaces, scenic and faintly fantastic. (Sudamericana, April 8-27.)—E.P.

Cuban Painting: Pelaez's bright composition in reds, yellows and greens, *Still Life*, was the award-winning work in this lively exhibition

which also included notable work by Julio Girona, Carmen Herrera and Bermudez. (Sudamericana, Jan. 28-Feb. 18.) . . . **Nancy Finley and Alan Judelson:** Although the ideas are sometimes sprightly in Miss Finley's paintings, the medium itself is treated in a flat uninspired way that occasions little interest whatsoever. Judelson, on the other hand, suggests a commitment to the paint itself which is at times commendable, but can also be noticeably thin. (Cooper, March 9-April 9.) . . . **Rita Deanin Abbey:** The variations in style, from the earlier Cubistic still lifes to the later abstraction compositions like *In the Forest* or *The Playful Echo*, suggest a search for a personal idiom which has not been entirely arrived at. *The Playful Echo*, with its sunny swatchlike strokes of yellows, oranges and pinks threaded through with blue variations, is one of the clear successes in the exhibition. (James, Feb. 22-March 14.) . . . **Lockspeiser:** A combination of Intimist and Fauve influences with an exciting sense of color is presented in this exhibition of still lifes and figure studies. The problem, however, is generally organizational; there are areas in most canvases which suggest that the artist hasn't known what to do with a particular space and has resorted to beautiful colors. (Pietrantonio, March 16-31.)—J.R.M.

Fernando Bosé: By account, Señor Bosé has some standing as an illustrator in Spain. From these posterlike samples of matadors, señoritas and little bridesmaids, firmly sketched and poorly painted, it's difficult to believe his talent would be suitable to illustrate anything more recent than the novels of Blasco Ibañez. (Petite, April 22-May 4.) . . . **Bruno Munari:** The reviewer saw only the few of these silk-screen designs which were available but he assumes that the rest are as boldly attractive as those examined. Each was a single, intense-color form like a huge monogram or an Oriental symbol, set in creamy relief on a strip of exotically fabricated paper. (Wittenborn, April 1-27.) . . . **Dahli-Sterne:** She paints atmospheric street scenes in the substantial-oil style of the Sloan and Bellow era: rain, snow and sleet, light under the Washington Square arch, façades with clotheslines. *Paris Street in Winter* (her strongest). *Street Scene in Rome* (flower stalls in the rain—her best piece of impressionism). (Burr, April 7-20.)

Lowren West: Another "first one-man show" by a painter who thinks he can begin, to some effect, with someone else's end product. A Hofmann student, he leaves his king posts all in sight: the waxy bravura surface, the horizontal wipe bracing a diagonal one, in turn intersected by another horizontal, and so forth. Or again, a mere whipping of the element into a noisy-pallete foam. And one painting is subdued, but not refined, by newspaper spread below the surface coat. All the news that's fit to glint. (James, April 5-25.) . . . **Contemporary Nudes and Figures:** A splendid unifying idea, but there's too little talent on display here to justify the occasion. Beverly Bush has a headless *Reclining Nude*, back view, above the generally amateur level; it is two-dimensional, rhythmic, and is composed of interestingly arbitrary textures. Gloria Longval's two mother-and-child studies have a piquant, effortless character; Dick Ralph's traditional two-figure piece with a foreground seated nude and a background girl standing in shadow is a fairly dominating contribution. So is Evelyn Zimmerman's nude on a striped blanket. (Studio, Feb. 11-March 10.) . . . **Irving Nurick:** Good taste, compactness of design, a true value in color accent and a brilliant architectural sense mark these street scenes of Paris. (Chase, April 1-13.) . . . **Harold Mesa:** The second one-man show of an abstract painter who has but the ghost of a design sense and none at all of paint manipulation or color. (Panoras, April 15-27.) . . . **Henry Koerner:** A number of his illustrative drawings have the charm of brevity—the sketches of Carole, Italy, and of the Giant Wheel (Vienna) of "Third Man" fame, for instance—but the oil paintings breach all margins of ameliorative criticism. Still life, portrait, landscape or attempts at fantasy: they are untrue and monotonous. (Midtown, March 12-30.)—V.Y.

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Interview with Panos Ghikas



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How far can a painting medium be stretched to imitate the surface of another medium? Can oil be flattened to produce the optical mat brilliance of tempera? Or the reverse? Panos Ghikas, a practitioner in both oil and tempera, discussed this problem with me recently. Mr. Ghikas feels that oil which is forced into a mat surface negates the medium's natural shine. This imitation of tempera, he adds, is a misapplication of the medium's beauty; Léger to his mind is a case in point. Championing the "natural use" of a particular medium, Mr. Ghikas points out "that a plastic idea can change the use of the medium but cannot change its inherent characteristics." He illustrates this thesis with his two egg-tempera paintings reproduced.

The earlier painting (below) represents the more traditional approach to egg tempera. The modeling from light to dark through crosshatching relates to the Florentine formula. According to Mr. Ghikas, "the method was a way of fusing this traditionally brittle medium, thereby making it seem more elastic." For Mr. Ghikas this crosshatching represented the solution of earlier form problems which produced a purely black and white graphic solution. "It forced," he remarks, "an interest in 'handwriting for its own sake.' Of course, in the hands of a master like Sassetta it became a delicate personal handwriting. In a less versatile painter it was apt to become a mechanical procedure." In Mr. Ghikas' own development this method became increasingly difficult to use as he evolved a more personal plastic mode. Therefore, his problem was to change the use of tempera without changing its characteristics.

Panos Ghikas, ABSTRACTION NO. 1.





Panos Ghikas, UNTITLED; collection Robert Graham, N. Y.

The second reproduction (above) illustrates the profound change which appeared in his work; his new preoccupation, to put it simply, was the interaction of color and shape to create space. Geometric space illusion as well as overlapping of shapes to create space is evident. Color was used in its pure state for the most part; a color changed its appearance by use of different undercoats. For example, a cadmium yellow over a white had a different "weight" than over another yellow. Mr. Ghikas clarifies this point: "This changing of the depth of tone can give the illusion of transparency to this essentially opaque medium. Dense opacity was built by five thin washes of the same color, whereas this illusion of a glaze was produced by a white underpainting with a few coats of yellow." In this manner Mr. Ghikas found that he could "change" an individual color and thereby influence its environment. The transfer from one visual mode to another was possible to achieve by one who intimately knew his medium. Our conversation then turned to his materials.

Mr. Ghikas used Weber dry pigments ground in water; his palette consisted of Permalba white, ivory black, chromium oxide, terre verte, viridian, alizarin, Chinese vermillion, cadmium yellow medium, Indian red, light red, and the various ochers, siennas and umbers. The medium consists of egg yolk to which approximately one-eighth cold water by volume is added. Preservatives were not used to keep this mixture from spoiling; instead the pure mixture was stored in a refrigerator. Mr. Ghikas warns about prolonged refrigeration—a week is the safest maximum time. After that time the binding properties of the egg may be destroyed. This medium may be thinned with fifty per cent water with safety.

His support was tempered masonite and the ground the traditional gesso of from eight to ten coats. A step-by-step description of the preparation of the ground is supplied by Mr. Ghikas: First the board was sanded to insure adhesion of the gesso. Then a thin coat of gelatin or rabbit skin glue (one part glue to sixteen parts water) was applied to both sides of the masonite. The gesso itself consisted of this glue water and whiting—two parts whiting to one part glue water. Sanding the gessoed surface completed the ground.

Sable brushes were employed in both paintings, with one difference; the newer flatter forms demanded unpointed brushes. Mr. Ghikas found worn sables ideal, for their broader bases covered larger areas and they did not leave traces of their strokes. Handling also differed; in his new paintings less water was used. In fact, an almost dry-brush effect was adopted. Worn, unpointed brushes and less thinning with water represent the major changes in the actual use of materials. Yet the appearance of the paintings is distinctly different. Mr. Ghikas prefers the newer painting for more than technical reasons. His newer forms, he feels, are more economical in effect: "Tedium, mechanical procedure has been replaced with direct, immediate impact."

The transformation of an ancient medium to meet an individual need is a common experience for creative artists in all traditions. Inherited materials are transformed by new plastic ideas; these inherited tools must be changed to accommodate individual concepts. The painter who transforms his medium is the painter who knows it best.

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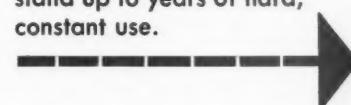
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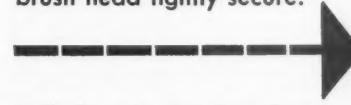


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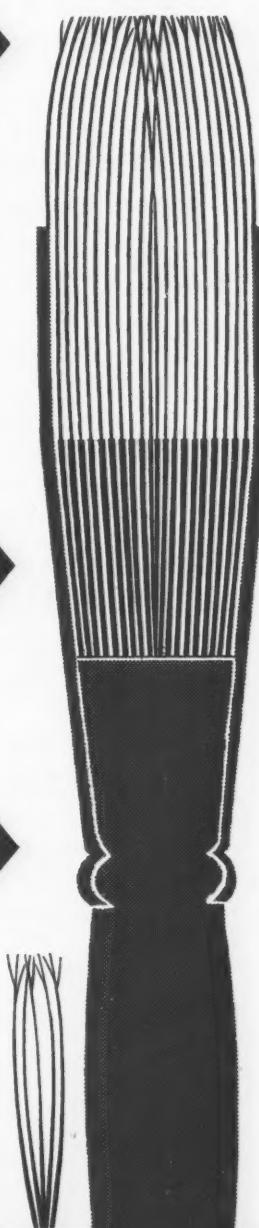
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TIONAL EXHIBITION, U. S. National Museum, May 5-June 2. Media: watercolor, prints, drawing, pastel. Prizes. Fee: \$2. Entry cards due Apr. 25, work due Apr. 30. Write: Miss Katherine Summy, 1678 Columbia Road, N.W., Washington 9, D. C.

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

BUTLER INSTITUTE OF AMERICAN ART 22ND ANNUAL MIDYEAR SHOW, July 1-Sept. 2. Open to all artists in the U. S. and territories. Media: oil and watercolor. Entry fee. Judges: Lloyd Goodrich, William Thon. Over \$5,000 in prizes. Work due by June 2. Write: Secretary, Butler Institute of American Art, Youngstown 2, Ohio.

REGIONAL

ATHENS, OHIO

14TH OHIO VALLEY OIL AND WATERCOLOR EXHIBITION, Ohio University College of Fine Arts, July 1-31. Entry cards due by June 1. Write: Frederick D. Leach, Director, School of Painting and Allied Arts, Ohio University, Athens, Ohio.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

ATLANTA PAPER COMPANY 3RD ANNUAL PAINTING OF THE YEAR COMPETITION, Atlanta Art Association Galleries, beginning May 19. Open to artists from Ala., Fla., Ga., La., Miss., N. C., S. C., Tenn. and Va. Work due Apr. 29-May 3. Write: Atlanta Paper Co., Atlanta, Ga.

CLINTON, NEW JERSEY

4TH STATE-WIDE EXHIBITION, Hunterdon County Art Center, June 2-30. Open to all N. J. artists. Media: oil, watercolor, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Work due May 21. Write: Hunterdon County Art Center, Clinton, N. J.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

11TH ANNUAL, Michigan Watercolor Society, June 2-22. Open to all native and resident Michigan watercolorists. Jury. Fee. Five \$100 prizes plus other awards. Entry cards due May 11, work due May 18. Write: Irene Miakinin, 8219 Hartwell, Detroit 28, Mich.

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

CONNECTICUT WATERCOLOR SOCIETY ANNUAL, Wadsworth Atheneum, May 4-June 9. Open to resident Conn. artists. Jury. Prizes. Work due Apr. 26. Write: Mrs. Esther Fay, 30 Mountain View Drive, West Hartford, Conn.

NEW CANAAN, CONNECTICUT

8TH ANNUAL NEW ENGLAND EXHIBITION, Silvermine Guild of Artists, June 9-July 10. Open to artists born or resident in New England states, N. Y., N. J. and Pa. Media: oil, watercolor, casein, sculpture. Jury. Approx. \$4,000 in prizes. Work due May 10, 11 & 12; sculpture photos by May 2. Write: Rivington Arthur, Silvermine Guild of Artists, Norwalk, Conn.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

LOWER EASTSIDE INDEPENDENT ARTISTS 2ND ANNUAL EXHIBITION, St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie, Apr. 28-May 26. Open to artists living or working on the Lower East Side, or to former residents still identified with area. No jury. No fee. Write: John Lassoe, Lower Eastside Neighborhoods Assn., 265 Henry St., New York 2, N. Y.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

3RD EXHIBITION OF WEST COAST OIL PAINTING, Frye Museum, May 1-June 6. No fee. Three non-purchase prizes: \$1,000, \$250 and \$100. Work due by Apr. 20. Write: Frye Museum, P. O. Box 3005, Seattle 14, Wash.

SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

5TH ANNUAL MICHIGAN REGIONAL CERAMICS EXHIBITION, South Bend Art Association, May 12-26. Open to residents or former residents of Mich. or Ind. Jury. \$1,000 in prizes. Fee: \$2. Entry cards due by Apr. 30, work due Apr. 30-May 5. Write: Eleanor Rupel, South Bend Art Association, 620 W. Washington Ave., South Bend 16, Ind.

WHITE PLAINS, NEW YORK

29TH ANNUAL HUDSON VALLEY ART ASSOCIATION EXHIBITION, Westchester County Center, May 5-12. Open to artists residing in the Hudson Valley and vicinity. Media: oil, watercolor, black and white, sculpture. Fee: \$5; \$2 refund if not accepted. Prizes. Work due April 29. Write: Cathy Altwater, 160-15 Powell's Cove Blvd., Beechhurst 5, N. Y.

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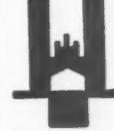
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CALENDAR OF EXHIBITIONS

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
ART CTR., thru Apr.: S.A.G.A.

BALTIMORE, MD.
MUSEUM, to Apr. 21: Reg'l. Artists-Craftsmen Exhib.

WALTERS, to May 5: Barbizon Schl.

BELOIT, WISC.
SCHERMERHORN, to Apr. 21: T. Valentine

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.
MUSEUM, Apr. 7-May 2: Annual Jury Show, Art Assoc.

BOSTON, MASS.
M. BROWN, Apr. 8-27: M. Morgan DOLL & RICHARDS, to Apr. 13: E. O'Hara; Apr. 15-May 4: D. Shepler KANEKIS, Apr. 6-26: J. Jagel

CHICAGO, ILL.
ART INST., to Apr. 14: Japanese Woodblock Prints

DALLAS, TEXAS
MUSEUM, to Apr. 14: A. Dasburg; to Apr. 21: Invit. Show

DENVER, COLO.
MUSEUM, to May 19: Space Show

FORT WORTH, TEXAS
ART CTR., Apr. 1-29: Texas Sculptors; C. Venard pts.; Apr. 11-29: New D. D. Feldman Show

HARTFORD, CONN.
WADSWORTH ATH. to May 5: 3 Yrs. New Acquis.

HOUSTON, TEXAS
CONT. ARTS, Apr.: "Pacemakers" CUSHMAN, Apr.: Ptg., Sculpt., Drwgs. MUSEUM F. A., to Apr. 21: "Three Brothers"

JERSEY CITY, N. J.
MILLER BRANCH LIBRARY, Apr. 22-May 11: Hudson Artists Annual

LONDON, ENGLAND
GIMPEL FILS, Contemp. Brit.; 19th, 20th C. Fr.

HANOVER, to Apr. 26: F. Bacon LEFEVRE, 19th, 20th C. Fr.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.
HATFIELD, Mod. Fr. & Amer. STENDAHL, Pre-Col. & Mod.

MILWAUKEE, WISC.
ART INST., to Apr. 28: Karolik Col.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
INST., to Apr. 21: Tang Dynasty; to Apr. 28: E. Munch prints

WALKER, to May 20: S. Davis

NEWARK, N. J.
MUSEUM, to May 19: Early N. J. Artists; New Acquis.

NEW YORK, N. Y.
MUSEUMS:

BROOKLYN (Eastern Pkwy.), Apr. 8-May 26: Biennial Internat'l. W'cols. GUGGENHEIM (7 E. 72), Apr.: Internat'l. Award Ptg.

JEWISH MUS. (92nd at 5th), to Apr. 15: N. Y. School, 2nd Generation METROPOLITAN (5th at 82), to May 1: Sao Paolo Ptg.; Apr. 4-May 5: Tessai-Tomioka

MODERN (11 W. 53), to Apr. 21: American Acquis.

PRIMITIVE ART (15 W. 54), Apr.: Opening Exhib.

NAT'L ACAD. (1083 5th), Apr. 4-21: Amer. W'col. Soc.

RIVERSIDE (310 Riv. Dr.), Apr. 4-21: Gallery 256

WHITNEY (22 W. 54), to Apr. 14: Young America

Galleries:

A.A.A. (712 5th at 55), Apr.: Grp.

A.C.A. (63 E. 57), Apr.: Grp.; Apr. 22-May 11: W. Gropper

ADAM-AHAB (72 Thompson, Th., Fri. 1-3, 7-10), Apr. 4-May 10: Artists Anon. 2nd Quarterly

ALAN (32 E. 65), to Apr. 13: R. Tam; Apr. 16-May 4: New Sculpture

ARCH. LEAGUE (115 E. 40), Apr. 1-13: Haystack Mt. Schl. of Crafts

ARGENT (236 E. 60), Apr. 1-20: Grp. ARTISTS (851 Lex. at 64), to Apr. 18: E. Smith; Apr. 20-May 9: J. Brzostoski

BABCOCK (805 Mad. at 68), to Apr. 13: G. Hondius; Apr. 15-30: 19th, 20th C. Amer.

BARONE (1018 Mad. at 79), Apr. 1-20: H. Baumbach

BARTFIELD (45 W. 57), Apr.: 19th C. Amer.

BARZANSKY (1071 Mad. at 81), Apr. 1-13: F. Messersmith; Apr. 15-27: J. Ansacher

BODLEY (223 E. 60), Apr. 1-13: E. Gardner; Apr. 15-27: E. Erlanger

BORGENICHT (1018 Mad. at 79), Apr. 1-20: Peterdi

BURR (108 W. 56), Apr. 7-21: Dahl-Sterne; Apr. 21-May 4: 3-Man

CAMINO (92 E. 10), to Apr. 18: B. Perry; Apr. 19-May 9: R. Abrams

CARLEBACH (937 - 3rd at 56), Primitive Art

CARSTAIRS (11 E. 57), to Apr. 6: M. Grosser; Apr. 9-27: V. Truex

CASTELLI (4 E. 77), to Apr. 13: C. Viseux; Apr. 15-May 4: P. Brach

CHASE (21 E. 63), Apr. 1-13: I. Nureck; Apr. 15-27: J. Kronman

CHURCHILL'S (139 B'way.), to Apr. 14: A. Schwieder

COLLECTORS (49 W. 53), Apr.: Contemp. Amer.

CONTEMPORARY ARTS (802 Lex. at 62), Apr. 8-19: W. Story

COOPER (313 W. 53), to Apr. 9: N. Finley, A. Judelson

CRESPI (232 E. 58), to Apr. 13: A. Sella

D'ARCY (19 E. 76), Apr. 1-30: Pre-Col.

DAVIS (231 E. 60), to Apr. 13: D. Levine

DE AENILLE (59 W. 53), to Apr. 6: S. Grilo, A. Muro; Apr. 8-27: A. Ortega

DEITSCH (51 E. 73), Apr.: Prints

DELACORTE (822 Mad. at 69), to Apr. 30: Peruvian Textiles & Pottery

DE NAGY (24 E. 67), to Apr. 20: R. Goodnough; Apr. 20-May 11: P. Georges

DOWNTOWN (32 E. 51), Apr.: Grp.

DURLACHER (11 E. 57), to Apr. 20: G. Foy, T. Prentiss

DUVEEN-GRAHAM (1014 Mad. at 78), to Apr. 13: A. Russell; Apr. 14-May 4: C. Gross

EGGLESTON (969 Mad. at 76), Apr. 8-20: D. Stark; Apr. 22-May 4: A. Lenney

EIGHTH ST. (33 W. 8th), Apr. 1-13: W'cols.; Apr. 15-20: Flower Ptg.

EMMERICH (18 E. 77), Apr. 15-May 24: Pre-Col.

FEIGL (601 Mad. at 57), to Apr. 13: A. Galidakis; Apr. 17-May 15: Cont. Amer. & Fr.

FINE ARTS (41 E. 57), Apr. 9-27: Lansky

FLEISCHMAN (227 E. 10), Apr. 14: D. Carlon

FRIED (40 E. 68), to Apr. 6: A. Yunkers; Apr. 8-27: J. Xceron

G. GALLERY (200 E. 59), Apr. 9-27: Grp.

GALERIE BOISSEVAIN (31 E. 63), to Apr. 15: Amer. Grp.; Apr. 16-May 4: J. Vardo

GALERIE CHALETTE (1100 Mad.), to Apr. 9: W. Ting

GALLERY 75 (30 E. 75), to Apr. 20: R. Bouvier

J. GRAHAM (1014 Mad. at 78), to Apr. 15: Saints in Art

GRAND CENTRAL (15 Vand. at 42), Apr. 16-May 4: R. Philipp; Apr. 23-May 4: E. O'Hara

GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS (1018 Mad. at 79), to Apr. 20: B. Browne; Apr. 23-May 17: A. Osser

HAMMER (51 E. 57), to Apr. 13: D. Edzard

HANSA (210 Cent. Pk. So.), to Apr. 14: L. Brody; Apr. 16-May 5: J. Follett

HARTERT (22 E. 58), Apr. 1-May 4:

M. Becker

HELLER (63 E. 57), Apr. 9-27: S. Christiano

HERVE (611 Mad. at 58), Apr.: Fr. Contemp.

HEWITT (29 E. 65), Apr. 8-27: E. Nadelman

HIRSCHL & ADLER (21 E. 67), Fine Ptg.

IOLAS (123 E. 55), Apr.: Matta; Magritte

M. JACKSON (32 E. 69), to Apr. 6: P. Borduas; Apr. 9-May 4: 10 Painters

JAMES (70 E. 12), Apr. 5-25: L. West

JANIS (15 E. 57), Apr. 1-20: 8 Americans

KENNEDY (785 5th at 59), Apr. 1-30: H. Lane

KLEEMANN (11 E. 68), to Apr. 13: H. Hartung; Apr. 22-May 25: H. Jaenisch

KNOEDLER (14 E. 57), Apr. 2-20: Pulitzer Collection

KOOTZ (1018 Mad. at 79), to Apr. 13: I. Serpan; Apr. 15-May 4: W. Ronald

KOTTLER (3 E. 65), Apr. 1-13: E. Tashjian; Apr. 15-27: R. McKinney; L. Delgado

KRAUSHAAR (1055 Mad. at 80), Apr. 1-20: J. Penney; Apr. 22-May 11: J. Heliker

LILLIPUT (23 1/2 Eliz., by App't.)

Apr.: Adam-Ahab Extras

LITTLE STUDIO (680 Mad.), Apr. 10-23: V. Rous

C. T. LOO (41 E. 57), Chinese Art

LOWER EASTSIDE INDEP. ARTISTS (St. Marks, 2nd Ave. at 10th), Apr. 28-May 26: 2nd Annual

MARINO (46 W. 56), Apr. 6-27: 3-Man

MELTZER (38 W. 57), to Apr. 15: No. & So. Amer. & Eur.; E. Landon

MI CHOU (36 W. 56), to Apr. 27: K. Choy

MIDTOWN (17 E. 57), Apr. 2-20: Drawing Show

MILCH (55 E. 57), to Apr. 13: L. Bosa

MORRIS (174 Waverly Pl.), Apr. 5-20: Open Grp.; Apr. 22-May 4: J. Watson

MOSKIN (4 E. 88), to Apr. 20: Grp.

NEW (601 Mad. at 57), to Apr. 13: E. P. Jones; Apr. 15-27: Kanemitsu

NEWHOUSE (15 E. 57), Apr.: Old Masters

NEW SCHOOL (66 W. 12), Apr. 1-15: S. Gordin, Scpt.

PANORAS (62 W. 56), Apr. 1-13: S. Fairchild, L. Feldman; Apr. 15-27: H. Mesa

PARMA (1111 Lex. at 77), Apr. 9-28: R. Keyser

PARSONS (15 E. 57), Apr. 2-20: D. Schnabel; Apr. 22-May 11: D. Sturm; M. Taylor

PASSEDOIT (121 E. 57), Apr. 8-27: C. Shaw

PERIDOT (820 Mad. at 68), Apr. 1-27: F. Hillsmit

PERLS (1016 Mad. at 78), to Apr. 13: Rubel; Apr. 15-May 31: Pascin & Schl. of Paris

PETITE (129 W. 56), Apr. 8-20: M. Heiloms; Apr. 22-May 4: F. Bosc

PIETRANTONIO (26 E. 84), Apr. 1-15: B. Arnold-Kayser; Apr. 16-30: M. G. Anderson

POINDEXTER (21 W. 56), Apr. 1-20: L. Bell; Apr. 22-May 11: Stefanelli

REGIONAL ARTS (139 E. 47), Apr. 1-15: J. B. Knorr

REHN (683 5th at 54), Apr.: W'cols.

ROKO (925 Mad. at 74), Apr. 2-25: H. Kuh

ROSENBERG (20 E. 79), Apr. 8-May 4: F. Farr

SAGITTARIUS (46 E. 57), Apr. 1-13: Brian; Apr. 15-27: Windisch-Graetz, T. Gray

SAIDENBERG (10 E. 77), to Apr. 6: S. Blow, W. Gear; Apr. 8-May 4: L. Chadwick, scpt.

SALPETER (42 E. 57), to Apr. 13: B. Benn; Apr. 15-May 4: Grp.

B. SCHAEFER (32 E. 57), to Apr. 15: C. Booth; Apr. 15-May 4: W. Mitchell

SCHAEFFER (983 Park), Old Master

SCHONEMAN (63 E. 57), Apr. 21-May 16: E. Weill, scpt.; Rouault

SEGY (708 Lex. at 57), Apr. 1-30: Ab. Art Abstract Forms

SEO (756 Mad.), Oriental Art

SILBERMAN (1014 Mad. at 78), Apr. 1-15: F. E. McWilliam

STABLE (924 7th at 58), to Apr. 11: J. Brooks; Apr. 15-May 4: T. Tworkov

SUDAMERICANA (866 Lex. at 65), Apr. 8-27: E. Riveron

TANNER (90 E. 10), to Apr. 18: N. Speyer; to May 9: 3-Man

TERRAIN (20 W. 16), to May 4: Black & White

THEATRE EAST (211 E. 60), Apr. 2-28: F. Russell, G. Barrer

U.N. ART CLUB (U.N. Bldg.), Apr. 1-May 1: Annual

VAN DIEMEN-LILIENTFELD (21 E. 57), to Apr. 12: M. Rupert

VIVIANO (42 E. 57), to Apr. 13: Cont. Amer. & Eur.

WALKER (117 E. 57), Apr.: Spanish Still-lives

V. WEAR (436 Mad.), to Apr. 10: P. Mark; Apr. 11-May 1: Grp.

WELLONS (17 E. 64), Apr. 1-13: M. Kempe, scpt.; C. Orndorf, w/cols.

Apr. 15-May 4: Fulbright Schol

WEYHE (794 Lex. at 61), to Apr. 16: R. Pozzati

WHITE (42 E. 57), Apr. 2-27: C. Martin

WIDDIFIELD (818 Mad. at 68), to Apr. 20: X. Gonzalez

WILDENSTEIN (19 E. 64), Apr.: Old & Modern Art

WILLARD (23 W. 56), to Apr. 20: E. Martinelli

WITTENBORN (1018 Mad. at 79), to Apr. 1-13: B. Munari

WORLD HOUSE (987 Mad. at 77), to Apr. 23: Rodin, Brancusi, Gorguin

ZABRISKIE (835 Mad. at 69), Apr. 1-20: B. Goto

ZODIAC (123 E. 55), to Apr. 7: Nejad

PARIS, FRANCE

BENEZIT, Apr.: Zyw

BUCHER, Apr.: Grp.

DE FRANCE, Apr.: Prassinos

DROUET, Apr.: Mod. Painters

DUBOURG, Apr. 26-May 18: Caliannis

FRICKER, Apr.: Fr. Ptg.

FURSTENBERG, Apr.: Grp.

IRIS CLERT, Apr. 12-May 12: Micro Salon

MOURADIAN-VALLOTTON, Apr. 26-May 18: Callyannis

PIERRE, Apr. 4-20: Kallos

RENE, to Apr. 15: Mondrian

SUILLEROT, Apr. 10-30: Guanze

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

ART ALLIANCE, Apr. 3-21: H. Bettoia; Apr. 17-May 12: Apprentices Panel Stained Glass

PITTSBURGH, PA.

CARNEGIE INST., to Apr. 18: Pitts Artists Assoc.; to Apr. 21: 4000 Yrs. Mod. Art

ROME, ITALY

SCHNEIDER, Cont. Ital.

ROSWELL, N. M.

MUSEUM, to Apr. 27: New Directions

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

McNAY, Apr.: Texas Collections

WITTE, Apr.: Cont. Relig. Art

SEATTLE, WASH.

SELIGMAN, Apr.: Pehr

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

SMITH MUS., Apr. 2-21: Amer. W'col. Soc.; Apr. 16-May 5: Color Print

TAOS, N. M.

GALERIA ESCONDIDA, Apr. 1-May 31: Grp.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

CORCORAN, to Apr. 21: Biddle Col.

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